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APRIL 14, 1975

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**This Mother's Day, let your gift say it all.**

One of the nicest ways to show how much you care is to give the best there is, Harveys Bristol Cream® Sherry. It's the perfect gift for Mother's Day, May 11.

**Harveys Bristol Cream.**



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# How to talk tobacco fluently.

Tobacco has a language all its own. In many ways it's similar to the language of wine. Words like "body," "blending" and "aging" are common to both. The better you know the language of tobacco, the more you can enjoy it. So we of Amphora have compiled a glossary of terms to help you talk the language of pipe tobacco fluently.

**Aging:** 1) The process of fermenting, or "sweating," of leaf tobacco; 2) storing tobacco in casks for a year or longer to allow the tobacco to mellow.

**Blending:** The art of combining various types of tobaccos to provide a prescribed balance of taste, aroma, body, mildness and flavor.

**Body:** A means of describing the amount of effect a type of tobacco has on the palate of the smoker. A good tobacco must have body, whether it be strong, medium or light.

**Burley:** A slow burning, full bodied, air-cured tobacco that helps to add smoothness to a tobacco blend. Burley is grown in Kentucky, Tennessee, Malawi, Mexico, Brazil and Italy.

**Cavendish:** The unique process that uses time, temperature and pressure to provide a milder, more flavorful smoke. (e.g., Amphora)

**Curing:** The method by which moisture is extracted from recently-harvested leaves. Each tobacco is particularly suited to one best method of curing, be it sun, air, flame, or fire, depending on the individual tobacco strain.

**Dottle:** Often erroneously confused with "heel," dottle is the unconsumed tobacco that occasionally remains caked in the bowl of a pipe.

**Fermentation:** The aging process that removes the chemical factors which contribute to "bite" and unpleasant tastes in tobaccos, but which allows the desirable characteristics of each tobacco to develop.

**Hogshead:** A large wooden cask in which tobacco is sold and stored in warehouses for the purpose of natural aging.

**Oriental Tobacco:** Slightly spicy taste and hardy aroma. The tobaccos are grown in areas surrounding Mediterranean, Black and Aegean Seas.

**Perique:** A tobacco grown only in St. James Parish of Louisiana. Prized because of its smooth unique taste. Unfortunately, not much Perique is grown each year.



## NOW SOME PIPE WORDS.

**Bent:** A pipe with a pronounced curve in the stem and with the shank rising at an acute angle from the rounded bowl.

**Briar:** The burl part of the white heather plant root grown in and around the Mediterranean area. It is the porous wood from which briar pipes are made.

**Calabash:** Carved from a large gourd, with meerschaum or clay bowl added, Calabash pipes are light in weight and are noted for their extremely graceful form.

**Calumet:** The original peace pipe of the American Plains Indians. Bowls were usually made of clay. The wooden stems were often decorated with feathers and beads.

**Churchwarden:** A truly proud name in pipes, the long-stemmed Churchwarden traces its ancestry to the long, clay pipes popular in England during the 1600's.

**Ferrule:** The band around a pipe shank primarily to maintain structural support.

**Freehand:** Briar pipes that are designed and hand shaped by master pipe craftsmen. Usually carved from the best briar, no two freehand pipes are identical.

**Heel:** The interior base of a pipe bowl. Occasionally, "heel" is incorrectly used to describe dottle in a pipe.

**Meerschaum:** A German word meaning "sea foam." A soft, porous material derived from sea fossils. Used for making beautiful, often hand carved pipes.

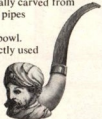
Meerschaum usually found in Turkey and Tanzania.

**Shank:** That portion of the pipe that connects the bowl and the stem. More often than not, the pipe head comprises the bowl and shank as one piece.

**Straight Grain:** The root grains run vertically along the bowl of pipe. A very desirable and rare briar pipe.

**Stummel:** A German word that defines the bowl and shank of a wooden pipe. In French, the term is "ebauchon."

**Wellington:** The name of a pipe with a round bowl and a curved, diamond-shaped stem.



## YOU CAN IMPROVE YOUR TOBACCO VOCABULARY BY SMOKING, NOT READING.

You can't learn the true meaning of tobacco from a vocabulary list.



That's just putting words in your mouth.

To really become conversant with pipe tobacco you have to smoke it. And when you smoke a pipeful of Amphora, you come to understand what "character," "aroma" and "body" really mean. Apparently millions of people already do. Because they have made Amphora what it is today. The largest selling Cavendish pipe tobacco in the world.

## Send for our FREE Brochure

Our new brochure, "A Man and His Pipe," is packed full of information designed to increase your pipe smoking pleasure. If you would like a free copy, or if you have any specific questions on pipes and pipe tobacco, drop a note to the President, Douwe Egberts, Inc., Bldg. B, 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Ca. 91311.



**Founders:** BRITON HADDEN 1898-192  
HENRY R. LUCE 1898-1967



It was a most exact 25 years ago, in May 1950, that TIME ran its first cover story on the fighting in Viet Nam. The face on the magazine's cover then was that of the country's embattled Emperor Bao Dai; the issue was whether the U.S. should heed appeals for American assistance in the French struggle against Viet Minh insurgents. In the quarter-century since then, events have compelled cover treatment of the seemingly endless Indochina conflict no fewer than 64 times. Whether or not some sort of final resolution of war is at last at hand, the anonymous Vietnamese orphan on the cover of this week's issue seems an inescapably appropriate symbol of the military and political, but above all human drama that is the subject of the 14-page section on Indochina.



Reporting from Indochina has never been easy, but the upheavals in both Cambodia and South Viet Nam in the past few weeks have vastly complicated the tasks of newsmen and photographers there (see THE PRESS). TIME Correspondent William Stewart, a veteran of the Easter offensive of 1972, flew into one northern provincial capital only to find the city literally collapsing around him as banks and offices closed and policemen deserted their posts; he was taken out by a U.S. helicopter along with the American officials he had come to interview. William McWhirter, who provided much of the reporting on the refugee exodus for this week's cover narrative, has twice had to flee cities as they fell in confusion and panic: first Danang, last week Nha Trang.



These episodes have seemed hauntingly familiar to Hong Kong Bureau Chief Roy Rowan, who covered the fall of the Nationalist regime in China for LIFE in 1949. "There is no way anyone can cover a defeat of this size dispassionately," Rowan cabled from Saigon last week. "We have continually found ourselves not only reporting the story, but in the midst of it. There are no safe sidelines, and the expert opinion, it seems, is often retreating right alongside us, asking us what we know. It is one of those few times when a reporter can not only witness but feel history being made."

Ralph P. Davidson

OCT. 30, 1972

## INDEX

Cover Stories.....6	Forum.....4	Music.....78
Essay.....27	Indochina.....6	Nation.....28
	Law.....61	People.....81
Books.....79	Medicine.....76	Press.....55
Cinema.....64	Milestones.....53	Religion.....47
Economy	Modern Living.....46	Sport.....54
& Business.....68		World.....35

The Cover: *Photograph by Nguyen Cong Phuc*

**Vice Chairman:** Roy E. Lorser

son, **European Editor:** Jesse L.

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# **Decision '75: Time is running out for America's own energy source.**

Most Americans know by now that our oil plug has been pulled. The energy crunch is here, and it isn't going away.

What you may not realize is that we have the resources to become energy independent, but if we're not careful, we may lose the opportunity.

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The President, Congress, leading federal officials, the coal and transportation industries, environmentalists—all are seeking the best, most direct ways of solving the problems that stand between us and the full use of our coal.

What can you do to lend a hand?  
Plenty.

Send for our free booklet, "Decision '75: Coal is the answer."

Then, if you have unanswered questions, write us. But if you agree that a rational energy policy is urgently needed, tell the people working on the problem.

But do it now. Time is of the essence, and it's running out.  
National Coal Association, 1130 17th St., N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20036.

## **Coal is the answer. Now.**







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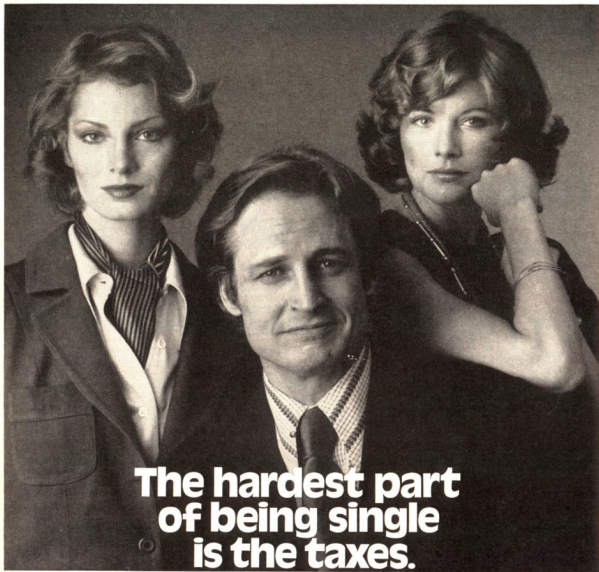
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## As the Dominoes Fall

To the Editors:

Where is the spirit of '76? During this Bicentennial of our hard-won freedom, we are searching for meaningful ways to celebrate while we stand by and watch first Cambodia, then South Viet Nam fall to an aggressor [March 31]. As the dominoes fall, will it be Thailand next, then South Korea, Nationalist China on Formosa and so on? These people have fought and are still fighting for the same basic reasons for which we took on Great Britain.

Are we to celebrate with fireworks while rockets are crushing freedom in other parts of the world? What a time for us to deserve a Congress like this. We need a Patrick Henry to stir our

strengthened needed efforts for peace. Several of my colleagues in the Senate have joined me in sponsoring a bill to provide emergency funds to support this effort.

Millions of orphans and refugees and war victims of all kinds are crying out for peace and relief. We must answer their cries for help—not with weapons to prolong a nightmare of war, but with tools to build a structure for peace.

*Senator Edward M. Kennedy  
Chairman, Subcommittee on Refugees  
Washington, D.C.*

As for the theory that "We should cease supporting the corrupt governments of Lon Nol and Thieu"—no one seems to notice how thousands upon thousands of Cambodian and Vietnamese refugees prefer those "corrupt" governments to the alternative.

*Charles P. Minor III  
Lubbock, Texas*

### Mighty Good Road

The bankruptcy of the Rock Island Line [March 31] is a sad milestone. The human-like wail of a train whistle once meant "Freedom!" to millions of small-town youth, who hopped freights if they couldn't afford to buy a ticket. The clickety-clack of the rails fitted the banjo and guitar rhythms of hundreds of our best folk songs. Neither airplanes nor automobiles ever caught our heartstrings so.

But anyone who thinks railroads are a thing of the past should see what Europe and Japan are proving: high-speed, modernized rail service uses less petroleum per passenger, uses less acreage, and will help give us breathable air again. For intermediate distances it can be cheaper and quicker, quieter and more comfortable. But we need an Administration that really wants to see this come about.

*Peter Seeger  
Beacon, N.Y.*

*Folk Singer-Composer Pete Seeger  
has done much of his traveling of late on  
the ecological sloop Clearwater.*

### The \$25,000 Question

I am more than merely disturbed by CBS's lack of self-restraint and responsibility in spending \$25,000 [March 17] to procure news. Without passing on the truth or falsity of the substance of H.R. Haldeman's assertions, I think it is apparent that he used the opportunity to attempt to vindicate himself and the Administration he served.

This is not meant to suggest that

Haldeman does not have the right to defend himself or to be evasive. I would suggest, however, that the next time CBS spends \$25,000 on news or history, as they insist, they first ensure the newsworthiness or the historical value of what they buy.

*Michael Parson  
Allston, Mass.*

### Sexy Psychiatry

In your story entitled "Love Thy Analyst" [March 24], you say, "Some therapists argue privately that sex is legitimately useful in treatment ...". A bashful psychiatrist friend tells me that he is not surprised that some psychiatrists would take advantage of their patients in this way, and both of us wonder if sex therapy is offered to the unattractive patients.

It's more of a treat for the doctor than a treatment.

*Matthew Hochberg  
North Miami Beach, Fla.*

### Ari's Monument

In ending your article "One of the Last Tycoons" on Aristotele Onassis [March 24], you state that "he left little legacy—no monuments, no great acts of philanthropy, no record of achievement other than a succession of business deals." To you socialists it may indeed seem that he left little legacy, since he did not create mendicants by giving away the wealth he created. Horatio once said of himself, "I have erected a monument more enduring than bronze." Onassis could well have made the same statement because of the thousands of jobs he created.

*William W. Morgan Jr.  
Uden, The Netherlands*

### Kalem's Wanting Wont

I believe your astute theater reviewer, Ted Kalem, abandoned his critical faculties in his appraisal of Liv Ullmann's splendid performance of Nora in *A Doll's House* [March 17] at Lincoln Center. From the testy tone of the piece, it is apparent that Mr. Kalem's upset stomach has more to do with his reaction to the success-goddess aura surrounding Miss Ullmann—not of her manufacture—than with her work on the Beaumont stage.

Had your critic possessed his usual good wits, as he is wont, he would have perceived a stage portrayal of depth and radiance, a meticulously wrought personification of Henrik Ibsen's Nora that would have made the old man himself very proud.

*Joseph Papp, Producer  
New York Shakespeare Festival  
New York City*

*Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building,  
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020*



blood, a George Washington to stiffen our backbone.

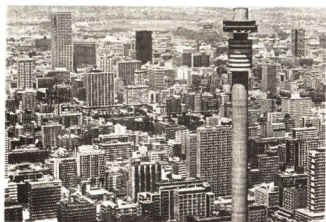
*Millard E. Crane  
Fonda, N.Y.*

As *TIME*'s cover story describes, the human suffering in South Viet Nam and Cambodia staggers the imagination. Clearly, this new crisis demands new initiatives by our Government and an urgent humanitarian response from the American people.

With this goal in mind, on March 21 I urged President Ford to consider an urgent appeal for U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim to exercise his good offices for humanitarian purposes in all sectors of South Viet Nam and Cambodia. I share the strong view of many Americans that, in cooperation with the International Red Cross and the private voluntary agencies, the good offices and active presence of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees and UNICEF will help to save lives in Indochina, protect the movement of refugees, facilitate the free movement of relief personnel and supplies to areas of need on all sides, and, hopefully,



# Could the headquarters of the U.N. Economic Commission for Africa be in Johannesburg, South Africa?



There's no reason why it couldn't—except that South Africa itself is barred from this Commission.

Many people are surprised to hear that we were expelled some years ago from the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa on purely ideological grounds. One pundit remarked at the time:

"The door has been shut on the one country most likely to cure Africa's many economic ailments. It's like shutting out the doctor and hoping for miracle cures."

South Africa is one of only twenty six industrially developed countries in the world and the only one in Africa—according to the United Nations.

It is the only country in Africa that still has food for others after having fed its own. It leads the continent in every form of technical know-how and research.

Small wonder then that many African states have bypassed the U.N. Economic Commission to seek our assistance.

In 1974, for example, we despatched 14.9 million doses of veterinary vaccine to eight of our black neighboring countries.

There's absolutely no reason why Johannesburg should not host the U.N. Economic Commission for Africa—provided South Africa is accepted back as a full member.

Further information about South Africa can be obtained from: The Information Counsellor, South African Embassy, 3051 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., WASHINGTON D.C. 20008.

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But we understand.

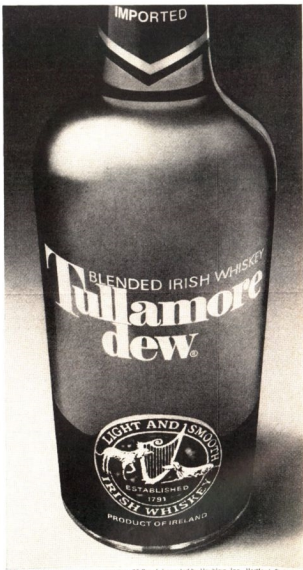
You see, Tullamore Dew has a taste that is unlike any Irish whiskey, and, in the opinion of an increasing number of former scotch drinkers, actually more pleasing than the scotch they used to drink.

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Try Tullamore Dew, if you haven't already. And try, also, to get the name right.

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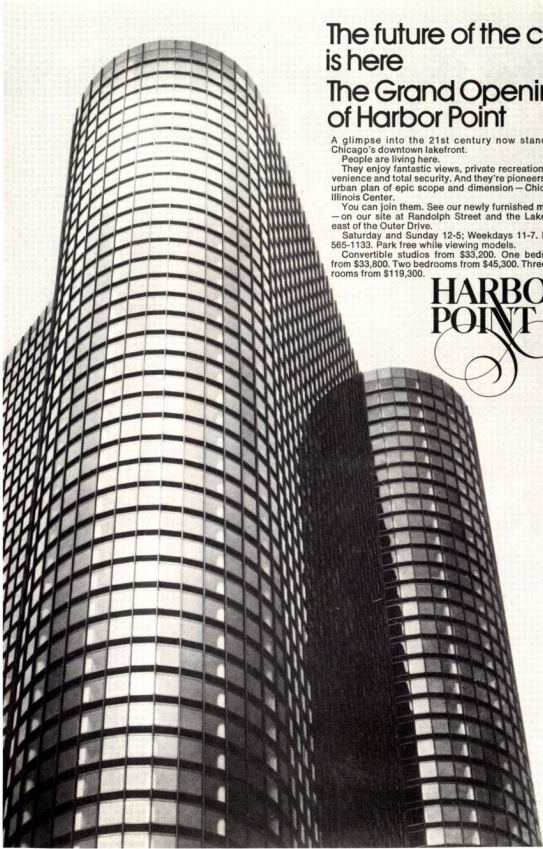
Suppose you're at the end of a depreciation schedule for your lift trucks, but you've decided to squeeze one more year out of 'em. Wait until the Chicago economy gets rid of the jitters, you say. But suppose one or two have a bad clutch or need an engine overhaul? You really

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## FOREIGN POLICY/COVER STORIES

## NOW, TRYING TO PICK UP

This was not the way a war should end. At least it was not the way in which many Americans had hoped it would end—by somehow fading away. As South Viet Nam verged on collapse, the scenes of chaos inflamed anew America's frustration and horror over its most tragic foreign experience.

Even as President Ford pleaded for more military aid to South Viet Nam, Saigon's troops fled from the north in a frenzy, abandoning an estimated \$700 million worth of military equipment. Said a Pentagon officer: "We might just as well send the stuff directly to Hanoi—then it wouldn't get damaged." The U.S. was appalled by the brutal way in which South Vietnamese marines, many trained by the U.S., stormed an American evacuation ship leaving Danang, looting, raping and killing refugees in a wild scramble to escape. Many Americans became preoccupied with helping refugees, especially children, though even here catastrophe seemed inescapable: a plane carrying South Vietnamese orphans crashed after takeoff from Saigon.

Practically speaking, South Viet Nam was lost. "It's really too late to do anything about it," declared Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, one of the few Washington officials to say publicly what others were conceding privately. "I guess a lot of Vietnamese are going to die." Somewhat bitterly, he added, "For us, we go on living." Later, Rockefeller insisted that his "too late" view applied only to the fate of the refugees. Yet, while the Saigon government might shake up its personnel, and perhaps even rally some effective defense of the city and the Mekong Delta, its long-range military fate appeared sealed. The Communists, now superior in both firepower and manpower, could take their time in striking the final blows.

PRESIDENT FORD JOGS AWAY FROM REPORTERS ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT VIET NAM



At the Pentagon, some senior officers compared the South Vietnamese rout with other military disasters: Napoleon's debacle in Moscow in 1812, the fall of France in 1940, the Chinese Nationalist collapse in 1949. Yet the troops of President Nguyen Van Thieu were not retreating in the face of a massive Communist offensive; most were not in contact with the enemy at all. South Viet Nam's army had always performed unevenly, yet at its best it had given a good account of itself after so long and terrible a war. But now a full six South Vietnamese divisions had simply dissolved in a cascade of fright after Thieu abruptly ordered a massive retreat without giving his commanders a chance to lay the complex plans necessary to keep such a risky military maneuver from turning into a rout.

As bad as the shock was to the U.S., the Administration made it worse. It reacted in a schizophrenic mood, alternating between recrimination and caution. Behind the scenes, factions were vying to shape President Ford's public position. Officials close to Henry Kissinger felt that the Secretary of State's historic reputation was at stake and urged Ford to defend the Nixon-Kissinger Viet Nam policy that had produced the 1973 Paris accords, for which Kissinger won a Nobel Peace Prize. They wanted the major blame pinned on Congress for its alleged failure to live up to those accords by cutting back aid to Saigon. Others knew that the facts were not so simple. At any rate, Ford's closest White House advisers, including Counsellor Robert Hartmann, felt that nothing could be gained by dwelling on past mistakes or misguided policy, and they pleaded for a forward-looking presidential leadership that would stress the need for national unity.

Ford's indecision soon became apparent. He sympathized with the advice that seeking scapegoats would undermine his desire to rebuild a national consensus on foreign policy. He has bridled at the common belief that his Secretary of State runs U.S. foreign policy, and he has been concerned about Kissinger's often pessimistic moods and ample ego. On the other hand, he is philosophically attuned to the Kissinger claim that the worldwide credibility of the U.S. was vitally at stake in Viet Nam.

At first, Ford literally dodged comment. In a bizarre scene, after he arrived in California for a Palm Springs golfing vacation, he laughingly ran away from reporters seeking to question him about Viet Nam. "Oh, ho, ho," he replied to the first question, as a panting press contingent chased after him. Later, in a speech to San Diego business and civic leaders, he termed the events in South Viet Nam "tragic," and called for "a new sense of national unity in these sad and troubled times." No one, Ford insisted, should "engage in recriminations or attempts to assess blame."

During a televised press conference, Ford avoided placing blame except on North Viet Nam, for violating the Paris accords, and on President Thieu, for his "unilateral decision" to abandon the northern provinces without first consulting or informing the U.S. But before the



# THE PIECES

conference was over, and even while saying that he would not point an accusing finger, he clearly implied that the Democratic-controlled Congress was a major force behind the South Vietnamese collapse. Ford said he felt "frustrated by the action of Congress" in failing to approve the full amounts that he had requested for aid to South Viet Nam. Asked bluntly whether he thought the loss of 56,000 American lives in Viet Nam had been in vain, Ford suggested indirectly that it had. This would not have been true, he said, if the U.S. had "carried out the solemn commitments that were made in Paris at the time American fighting was stopped."

The President also reaffirmed his belief in the domino theory of nations falling to Communism, and needlessly insisted that the Viet Nam policies of Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and himself had all been "aimed in the right direction" and constituted "sound policy."

While Ford exaggerated the strategic importance of South Viet Nam and overplayed U.S. responsibility for Saigon's debacle, there was no question that the American image was at least temporarily damaged and that some U.S. allies were jittery. The Japanese government announced that it was reappraising its pro-Saigon policy and that its Foreign Minister, Kiichi Miyazawa, who will visit Washington this week, will ask Kissinger to reaffirm the U.S. nuclear protection of Japan. In South Korea, the nervous government of President Park Chung Hee seemed to accept the Kissinger linkage theory that events in one part of the world develop a momentum affecting events elsewhere. Park urged his nation to be more self-reliant. Said he: "Where adequate and independent means of self-defense are lacking, all agreements for collective security guarantee could prove only meaningless." But in Malaysia, government officials seemed unworried about future security, and Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew insisted calmly: "I don't believe in the domino theory." Philippine leaders felt confident that the U.S. would intervene with naval forces in the unlikely event that Communists ever invaded across the South China Sea.

In Western Europe, too, reaction was more relaxed. TIME has learned that Britain's Foreign Secretary, James Callaghan, has sent Kissinger a letter reassuring him that England understands America's feelings about Southeast Asia, but also pointing out that other nations did not expect the U.S. "to do the impossible." Callaghan proposed that a conference of NATO Foreign Ministers next month be elevated to a summit meeting of heads of state to re-examine common problems and reaffirm Western unity at the highest level. The U.S. is expected to endorse the idea. British officials seem relieved that America may be ending what one calls its "hypnotic preoccupation" with Viet Nam.

The French could not resist pronouncing America's decline. Gloats *Le Monde* in its headline: WHAT PEACE? WHAT HONOR? A *Le Point* editorial warned: "This is what has become of the American giant. Let Europe beware. His

paralysis is contagious." But one French diplomat expressed the predominant view of officials there that "American power has not collapsed."

Actually, what was imperiled by America's performance in South Viet Nam was not so much the nation's credibility as its aura of competence. The U.S. looked especially ineffectual in not anticipating just how weak its ally was. The swift collapse surprised U.S. intelligence officials. One of them admitted that in evaluating South Vietnamese military capability, "we obviously deluded ourselves." Added another intelligence officer: "When we looked below the surface, we did not like what we saw, so we turned away."

Whatever the U.S.'s failing, President Ford will have a chance to fashion a new start in a major foreign policy address Thursday to a joint session of Congress. A strong, clear presidential reappraisal of the full range of American commitments and priorities abroad has become both urgently necessary and exceedingly difficult. Ford and Kissinger are caught in a foreseeable trap created by their own pronouncements on how crucial Southeast Asia is to America's foreign policy.

Ford plans a speech that is intended to reassure other allies that, as one of his senior advisers puts it, "Viet Nam is not the end of the world" for the U.S. Regardless of what happens in Indochina, the President will emphasize, America will remain faithful to its commitments elsewhere. He is also expected to outline precisely what, if anything, the U.S. can now do about the deteriorating situation in South Viet Nam, based on the mission to Saigon of Army Chief of Staff General Frederick C. Weyand and the resulting options prepared by the National Security Council. Briefing the press after meeting with Weyand, Kissinger gave no hint that the U.S. has any intention of abandoning President Thieu. Asked about Thieu's charge that Americans could be called "traitors" if they fail to help his government more, Kissinger dismissed such talk as that of "a desperate man, in some anguish."

The President also will have another chance in his speech to

SOUTH VIETNAMESE TROOPS RUN FROM COMMUNISTS TOWARD EVACUATION HELICOPTERS



## INDOCHINA

either harden or soften his attack on Congress. Even in political terms, blaming Congress makes little sense. The legislators are clearly reflecting their constituencies in questioning whether reduced U.S. military aid to Saigon had really made a decisive difference—and in resisting more of it.

Congress is certain to respond readily to any Ford request for humanitarian aid to relieve the agony of the war's rapidly multiplying victims. Something more substantial should be possible than the laudable, if somewhat over-sentimentalized, help for orphaned children. There were hints last week that the U.S. was planning an extensive airlift of American and Vietnamese civilians from South Viet Nam. Ford has a major opportunity to

help America come to terms with Viet Nam, and move on to other international problems.

America's allies already must have been encouraged by the President's San Diego speech, which reaffirmed the determination of the U.S. to maintain a strong leadership in world politics. Said he: "No adversaries or potential enemies of the United States should imagine that America can be safely challenged; and no allies or time-tested friends of the United States should worry or fear that our commitments to them will not be honored because of the current confusion and changing situation in Southeast Asia. We stand ready to defend ourselves and support our allies as surely as we always have."

## VIET NAM

# TOWARD THE FINAL AGONY

*At 4:30 p.m. the C-5A transport, the world's biggest plane, lumbered off the runway at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airbase, carrying 243 Vietnamese orphans destined for adoption in the U.S. and 62 adults. The children were the first to leave Viet Nam in an official and well-intentioned American program to evacuate 2,000 orphans and bring them to the U.S. Minutes after takeoff, the pilot radioed that his rear loading ramp was defective; he had lost control of his elevators, rudders and flaps. Seven miles out of Saigon, he made a sweeping turn and headed back to Tan Son Nhut. But the giant plane was rapidly losing altitude, and at 5,000 ft. the pilot saw that he could not make the 1½ miles still to go to the runway. He decided to try to put down in paddyfields. When the plane thudded down, it skidded over one paddyfield, skimmed a river and collapsed into a second paddyfield. Both wings snapped off, a fire erupted and finally the plane, six stories high, broke apart. Bodies were strewn about the paddyfields and swampland. Some 190 of the 305 people on board were killed, perhaps 140 of them children; survivors were rushed to Saigon hospitals.*

It was a ghastly symbol of the unending agony of Viet Nam. In a country seemingly fated for tragedy, even a basic humanitarian gesture had ended in disaster, the result of yet another failure of the American technology and know-how that a decade ago had been billed as the key to the country's salvation. High U.S. Air Force officials suspected that sabotage might have caused the C-5A crash, not faulty technology. Whatever the cause, for Americans last week the mournful events in Viet Nam represented the disintegration of a long and painful effort. For South Vietnamese they represented far more: the virtual loss of social cohesion and political identity as the last vestiges of normal life disappeared in the face of the Communist juggernaut.

As setback piled on setback, almost too rapidly for comprehension, only one thing was clear: the strategic retreat ordered by South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu, supposedly to tighten up his defenses against the Communists, had developed into a human tragedy of colossal proportions. These were the major developments:

**MILITARY COLLAPSE.** While South Vietnamese troops fled in disarray, the Communists continued their relentless advance southward and eastward, mopping up with embarrassing ease the coastal cities that remained in government hands. By the end of the week four more provinces had fallen to Communist control for a total of 17, fully three-fourths of South Viet Nam's territory. Six full South Vietnamese divisions had disintegrated. The Communists occupied such refugee-swollen coastal cities as Qui Nhon and Tuy Hoa, Nha Trang and Cam Ranh. Although they slowed their advance toward week's end, presumably to consolidate the huge areas that had unexpectedly



RESCUE WORKERS SEARCH WRECKAGE OF C-5A THAT CRASHED NEAR SAIGON  
A human tragedy of colossal proportions.

fallen into their hands, they were also infiltrating men into the south at the rate of about 1,000 a day in preparation for what most analysts believed would be an assault on Saigon. Already there were clashes at the district town of Xuan Loc, just 40 miles east of the capital on strategic Route 1 and at Chon Thanh, 45 miles north of Saigon, which was captured by Viet Cong forces after a heavy siege.

**POLITICAL BATTLE.** In Saigon, pressure mounted on Thieu to resign. The usually docile Vietnamese Senate, in the first opposition action it has ever taken, unanimously passed a resolution calling for "a new leadership" for South Viet Nam. The Senate blamed the President for the current debacle, charging him with "counting exclusively on a military solution" to solve "a war with many political characteristics." Thieu, the resolution said, was guilty of "abuse of power, corruption and social injustice." Though the resolution did not specifically demand Thieu's ouster, more than 20 of the 41 Senators voting for the resolution called in their speeches for the President to leave office. Viet Nam's ranking Catholic, the moderate Saigon Archbishop Nguyen Van Binh, agreed with the Senate and prayed aloud that Thieu would resign.

Thieu's response was a characteristically confusing combination of compromise and repression. After remaining in virtual seclusion for most of the week, he announced that an entirely new Cabinet, what he called a "fighting Cabinet," would be formed. The new Prime Minister would be Nguyen Ba Can, speaker of the lower house in the National Assembly and known to be solidly in Thieu's camp. Can will replace the



NORTH VIETNAMESE PHOTO OF VICTORIOUS COMMUNIST TROOPS CROSSING THANG TIEN BRIDGE INTO HUE



SOUTH VIETNAMESE SOLDIERS BUILD BAMBOO FENCE OUTSIDE SAIGON

more independent and prestigious Tran Thieu Khiem, the most senior military officer in South Viet Nam, who, significantly, was expected to join the anti-Thieu opposition. Hours earlier, police had arrested more than ten people in various parts of Saigon on charges of plotting a coup to overthrow Thieu. Several of those arrested were associates of former Premier and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, who two weeks ago called on Thieu to relinquish his powers to a more broadly based leadership.

**REFUGEE DISASTER.** The country was awash with homeless people fleeing desperately from the Communist advance. Hundreds of thousands, exhausted and dispirited, arrived in areas where they hoped to get refuge only to find that North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops were about to take over. Communist forces in such coastal cities as Tuy Hoa, Nha Trang and Cam Ranh abruptly cut off escape routes. In international waters just offshore, U.S. cargo ships waited, unable to move in any closer to pick up the fleeing people. About 60,000, mostly defeated soldiers, made it to Ham Tan and Vung Tau, a coastal resort 50 miles southeast of Saigon that the French called Cap Saint-Jacques.

Fearful that the flood of refugees would only complicate the defense of Saigon and probably bring countless infiltrators in its wake, the government tried to seal off the capital. The road leading from Vung Tau was blockaded, and plans were

afloat to resettle refugees in the Mekong Delta. But little was being done to provide food and shelter for the throngs at Vung Tau or even regroup the disbanded soldiers when they arrived.

There were some brave attempts to rally confidence. In a television speech beamed from Saigon, President Thieu aggressively, if unconvincingly, declared, "We must attack and retake the lands captured by the Communists." General Frederick C. Weyand, U.S. Army Chief of Staff who last week ended a seven-day visit to Viet Nam undertaken at President Ford's request, confidently told newsmen that ARVN "still has the spirit and the capability to defeat the North Vietnamese."

Privately, however, Pentagon officials—including Weyand himself, according to some reports—were deeply pessimistic about South Viet Nam's ability to defend what remains of its territory. True, the government has the equivalent of seven divisions within a 50-mile radius of Saigon, including the 4,000 men of the airborne division that moved down from Danang two weeks ago, there are also some 175,000 popular-force and regional-force soldiers, but Saigon's combat-ready troops are outnumbered by the North Vietnamese forces that have been massing in the capital military region over the past several weeks. Small Viet Cong units have begun infiltrating the capital's suburbs. Moreover, because they are attacking fixed defensive positions, the Communists have the tactical advantage. They could attack Tay Ninh west of Saigon and then move southward into the Mekong Delta, thereby encircling the capital and breeding even more panic there. Or they could try to move troops down the major routes from the north directly into the capital. U.S. intelligence, in fact, reports that two full divisions began moving south from North Viet Nam in recent days, leaving no more than three divisions to defend all of North Viet Nam, compared with at least 16 on the offensive in South Viet Nam. The situation is so bleak for Saigon that some Pentagon analysts hold that there may not be a battle of Saigon. Totally overwhelmed and demoralized, ARVN may just refuse to fight, forcing Saigon to negotiate a surrender.

**T**he government's losses thus far dramatically convey the totality of the military collapse. In the five northern-most provinces constituting Military Region I, the government a month ago had 152,000 troops. By last week 100,000 of them had been put out of service by the Communists. Most simply fled, joining the rush of civilian refugees that streamed desperately southward. In Military Region II, the twelve provinces of central South Viet Nam, the losses were equally staggering. One of the best infantry divisions, the 23rd, was completely annihilated in the battle for Ban Me Thuot, with no more than 700 of its 9,000 troops able to regroup in Nha Trang. Throughout the central region, five of seven ranger groups were put out of action, two of four cavalry regiments and eight of twelve artillery battalions; 100 air force planes were also lost. In all, roughly half of Saigon's 179,000 troops in the area were out of action. Of 8,000 regional and popular forces in Pleiku, only 35 men were able to reassemble in Tuy Hoa. "The headquarters are full of officers," said



## INDOCHINA

one Vietnamese journalist, "but all their soldiers have gone."

The defeated soldiers posed almost as great a danger to security as the Communist divisions inexorably sweeping toward the coast. In some places, groups of soldiers acted more like conquerors than the remnants of a routed army. Just before the Communists took Danang, there was looting, pillaging, murder and madness. In their panic to get away, soldiers elbowed past women and children to board the planes and boats that managed to evacuate 90,000 people from Danang in the hours before the city fell to the Communists. In some cases civilian refugees were killed by troops stampeding away from the enemy. "True enough," said one Army tactician, "the Vietnamese soldiers fight with their families along, but they even deserted their families to fight their way aboard a plane or a boat."

On board the American ship *Pioneer Commander*, sent to Danang to take refugees to Cam Ranh, 300 miles to the south, passengers were shot or pushed overboard by soldiers trying to make room for themselves. Other evacuation vessels, including flat tug-drawn barges, took three days under the scorching sun with neither food nor water to make the Danang-Nha Trang trip. The vessels were so packed with people that most had to stand for the entire journey, except for those who died en route. Six children and two elderly men were taken dead from one barge after it landed in Nha Trang. Two colonels aboard the boat were subjected to cruel torture by renegade soldiers. One, a former province chief now on a Cabinet member's staff in Saigon, was robbed and forced to kneel and pray for his life. Another was robbed and stripped of his underwear.

In Cam Ranh Bay, a once impregnable U.S. base visited by President Lyndon Johnson in 1966, leaderless marines went

on a rampage when their evacuation ships arrived from Danang. They took over cars and Jeeps at gunpoint, robbing fellow refugees at random. Soldiers even fired on American helicopters and chartered aircraft seeking to land in Cam Ranh. The situation was so bad that field commanders in the military region around Saigon were ordered to execute rioting troops on the spot; one commander in Binh Tuy province east of Saigon ordered some troops shot for indiscipline.

Before the fall of the coastal resort of Nha Trang, TIME correspondent William McWhirter cabled: "The real enemy that is now engulfing the country is not those 16 North Vietnamese divisions but the spreading upheaval, fear and chaos among its own people and its armies, who are growing as desperate and afraid of one another as they are of the invasion. People are resigned and preparing for the worst. They seem to have forgotten what it was that fortified them all these years, if anything more than a basic trust in U.S. military strength. For Americans, it is like watching a skin transplant that didn't take disintegrating in front of them. For the South Vietnamese, it is something far worse. It is the loss of family and nation, and none of them seems to know what to do about it. It is now everyone for himself. One fears that it will become even more destructive unless it is checked somehow."

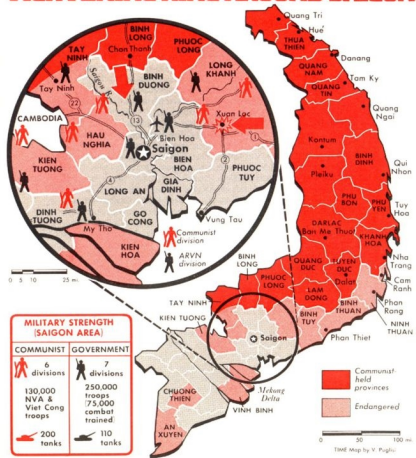
Nowhere was this more apparent than in Nha Trang itself, a city that until last week had remained virtually untouched by the war. Long a balmy retreat for G.I.s and Vietnamese alike, the city of 200,000 was on Route 1, the principal north-south road in South Viet Nam, and the recently established headquarters for all of Military Region II. By last week it had fallen victim to the evils that had already become all too familiar since the Communist offensive began.

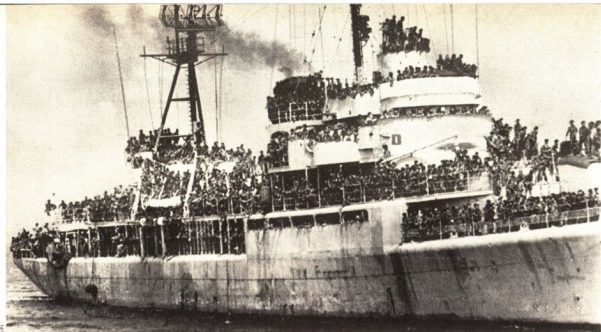
By early last week 200,000 refugees, many of them defeated soldiers from farther north, had arrived in Nha Trang, doubling the city's usual population. Everyone had heard of the agony of Danang, not only of its loss to the Communists but of its civilian panic and, worse, the violent behavior of its soldiers. The city made an effort to seal itself off from the war. Newly arriving refugees were barred from entering the town. Instead they were rerouted to another checkpoint where they were promptly pointed back in the direction from which they had just come; soon they were pathetically moving back and forth between the blockades. The airport itself was sealed. Still, the comparatively wealthy managed to get out by buying small fishing boats in neighboring villages at handsome prices. Many were quick to take as an ominous sign the discreet departure of the Poles and Hungarians, local representatives of the moribund International Commission of Control and Supervision.

"All of a sudden everything is changing," remarked one well-to-do Vietnamese company manager. "The people are afraid of the V.C., they fear the soldiers at loose like this, and they hate the government, which has only tried to profit out of the people. It's going to happen here, just like Danang."

Madame Bui Huu Khiem, owner of La Fregate, the best hotel in Nha Trang, with a brand-new \$100,000 air-conditioned wing, quickly made her own plans. A 1954 refugee from the North, she turned the hotel over to the Red Cross and prepared to leave on an American flight the next day. "If the V.C. take over, all the people here would point me out as a rich woman and I would get shot," she said fatalistically. "If they don't, then our soldiers who have guns but no commanders might do it. When they get hungry, they kill anyone they want."

## TIGHTENING RING AROUND SAIGON





**SOUTH VIETNAMESE MARINES THROG Pioneer COMMANDER AS IT DOCKS IN CAM RANH BAY AFTER TRIP FROM DANANG**  
Acting more like strutting conquerors than the humiliated remnants of a routed army.

Meanwhile, more bad news began to arrive. North of the city, ARVN had been making its first real effort since Ban Me Thuot to stem the North Vietnamese. For almost two weeks, the ARVN 22nd Division had held the Binh Khe pass, gateway from the highlands down to the coastal plain, against two North Vietnamese divisions. The price had been high: nearly two-thirds of its men had been killed or injured. Early in the week the outgunned and outnumbered division gave way, leaving open the route to Qui Nhon, third largest city in South Viet Nam (pop. 230,000) after Saigon and Danang. If Qui Nhon went, so would Nha Trang, 100 miles to the south.

The following morning, the crowds outside the gates of the American consulate in Nha Trang began to swell as people tried desperately to get seats on the evacuation planes being run for American personnel and their Vietnamese families. The Vietnamese province chief had moved out at midnight. The bank had closed, though crowds waited vainly there. The American consulate had managed to evacuate all its staff to Saigon. But the vast majority left behind began to stir and panic; wholesale looting took place in town, and at the airstrip the rush by ARVN soldiers to get on evacuation planes prevented several scheduled flights from landing.

**T**he enemy was moving faster than anyone had anticipated. By noon there was contact at the ARVN rangers' camp just twelve miles away. By afternoon it was already clear that the city would fall. The refugees, many of whom had already undergone untold suffering to get to Nha Trang, realized that further flight was no longer a guarantee of safety. Literally hundreds of uniforms were stuffed into trash barrels or sold to street vendors as terrified soldiers hurriedly sought to shed their now incriminating identities.

With the evacuation of Nha Trang, there was a sudden slackening in military actions. But Nha Trang, left by government forces, was an "open city" for days. ARVN had gone but the Communists had not yet arrived. Finally, on Friday, Communist troops took charge of the city, along with Cam Ranh. In Military Region III, the area around Saigon, there were some skirmishes, including one involving tanks. Among U.S. analysts, the less optimistic spoke of an attack on the capital by the beginning of next week.

In Saigon there was a tense, eerie quiet, as virtually everybody waited to see what the next Communist move would be. "There should be riots, riots, riots over this outrage, but there is nothing," said an angry young refugee from Hue. "No one is doing anything." The only concerted activity in the

capital seemed to be the effort to leave it (see box page 12).

The 6,000 Americans in Saigon were actively but quietly planning their departures, not only to avoid panic but also out of fear that the Americans who remain behind will become scapegoats for the anger and frustration that is welling up within the Vietnamese. "When push comes to shove," warns a long-time U.S. resident, "things get very nasty in Viet Nam. People are not interested in knowing whether you are a good American or a bad American. We are their only hostages."

As the situation grew ever more tense, a strange animosity developed between the American community and the U.S. embassy. Many private Americans are alarmed over the situation and feel that the fall of Saigon may come in a matter of days, rather than weeks. Some U.S. businessmen, obviously concerned for their own and their families' safety, felt that the American embassy purposely down-played the seriousness of Saigon's plight. There was even some suspicion, diminished by week's end, that Ambassador Graham Martin, a bitter-end Thieu supporter, had neglected to arrange for the evacuation of the 6,000 Americans remaining in Saigon.

But however great the tensions among Americans, they were nothing compared with those among the Vietnamese. For them, the people who cannot escape to another land, there are only two even halfway-hopeful options: 1) organize a defense of the region around the capital and the Mekong Delta, or 2) negotiate with the Communists. A third course, the present one, is to sink further into a paralysis of nerve and action that will probably lead to complete chaos and final collapse.

Whether the South Vietnamese decide to fight or negotiate, President Thieu, as many Americans and Vietnamese privately concede, will have to step down. For one thing, most Vietnamese, including many former supporters of Thieu, blame the President for the utter collapse of resistance to the Communists. Newspapers are printing full reports of the country's military failures in defiance of censorship. It is openly acknowledged by government officials that the army is unlikely to fight without a massive restoration of confidence in the leadership, and that means a new President. Said General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, the Buddhist leader of the 1963 coup that toppled Ngo Dinh Diem and a possible successor to Thieu: "In Germany, Willy Brandt had only one spy in his Cabinet; he had to resign. That catering company prepared only one bad meal for Japan Air Lines, but the man responsible had to kill himself. Now look at Thieu..."

Internal dissatisfaction with Thieu, however, is only one half of the problem; the other half is Hanoi and the Viet Cong's



## INDOCHINA

Provisional Revolutionary Government. Last week the Communists announced in Paris that they are willing to negotiate with any Saigon government—except one led by Thieu. Timing their announcement to put as much pressure as possible on Thieu, the Communists reiterated their claim that they are fighting only to force Saigon to implement the 1973 Paris accords, especially the setting up of a National Council of Reconciliation and Concord consisting of representatives from Saigon, the Viet Cong and various neutralist groups composing a "third force."

Thieu's decision to replace his Cabinet was clearly an effort to relieve some of the pressure. He also went on the air in a spectacularly belated effort to rally his people and declare that he would never accept a coalition. "A coalition is like a sugar-coated poison pill," he said. "When the sugar melts, the poison kills you." Thieu's moves are unlikely to work.

Most Vietnamese feel that eventually, perhaps in a matter of days, he will be forced to resign in favor of a new President more acceptable to the Communists. One frequently mentioned possibility is Tran Van Lam, the former Foreign Minister who signed the Paris accords for South Viet Nam. In an interview with TIME's Roy Rowan, Lam said, "We are ready to negotiate," but he also expressed a determination not to surrender. "It's still not too late," he said. "The Communists will have to



THIEU IN HIS SAIGON OFFICE  
Beware of sugar-coated pills.

disperse their troops. There is an equality of force in the third military region. We have to fight, but with no help this country will be occupied by the Communists." Lam added, "I have nine children. Eight of them have already learned English. Don't force the ninth one to learn Mandarin or Russian."

Another commonly mentioned possibility to succeed Thieu is a military directorate: an army group consisting of the most influential military figures in the country, including "Big" Minh. The military directorate might consolidate a defense but, given the long-term military disadvantage of the Saigon side, its aim would of necessity be a negotiated settlement with the Communists.

What might the settlement be? Clearly, Hanoi and the P.R.G. would hold the advantage in any negotiations; clearly, too, their long-range objective is the establishment of a Communist government in South Viet Nam. But as many Vietnamese politicians and foreign observers believe, they are unlikely to press for their maximum objective even if they score a complete military victory. The areas that remain under Saigon's control are traditionally the most strongly anti-Communist regions of Viet Nam. Hanoi and the P.R.G. will probably not risk pressing immediately for a system of government that would outrage hundreds of thousands of people. The Communists in fact might legitimately fear a reversal of the past

## SAIGON UNDER SIEGE

Saigon has often known danger but never as acutely as now. There have been times of great peril—such as the 1968 Tet offensive that brought savage street fighting into the heart of the city—but Saigon managed swiftly to regain its calm, almost nonchalant air. This time the pressure is building slowly but surely, and the old insouciance is fast disappearing.

There is no overt panic, but Saigon's 3 million residents, and the countless refugees streaming into the already overcrowded city, are shaken, afraid, even desperate. "We have nowhere to go!" cried a Saigon bar girl. "I am frightened, but what can I do? I have bought rice and dried fish. When the Viet Cong come, I will lock the door and wait."

In the past, the Saigonese could draw a feeling of security from the presence of foreign troops, no matter how much they may have despised and exploited them. There were white-hatted legionnaires, French paratroopers in red berets, then Americans in khaki and olive drab. After 3 p.m. there was never an empty seat on "the Continental Shelf," the raised veranda of the Continental Palace Hotel. Now there are many. The realization is only beginning to sink in on the Saigonese that the Americans are not coming back after all.

In some respects, Saigon retains an aura of almost unreal normality. In the markets it is business as usual. The streets, filled with Hondas, pushcarts, hookers, shine boys, beggars and wounded war veterans, are as noisy and chaotic as ever. Food is still plentiful because the roads to the Mekong Delta remain open. But tea and coffee from the Highlands, avocados and lettuce from Dalat and lobsters from Nha Trang are all bound to run out before long. Many dance halls and teahouses have been closed, and the curfew has been moved back to 9 p.m. so that diners in the fine old French restaurants such as Aterba and Auberge Ramuncho must wolf down their meals by 8:30.

Fearful that the enemy is infiltrating along with the refugees, the government is setting up guard posts on the roads leading into Saigon to keep out any additional outsiders. Cycles (pedicabs) have been banned because the government fears



CROWD OUTSIDE SAIGON BANK WAITING TO CHANGE MONEY

that Communist sappers might use them to transport satchel charges into the city. In an effort to prevent riots or a possible coup attempt, new army orders forbid civilians to congregate in groups on the streets or off-duty soldiers to carry their weapons in the capital. Many Saigonese fear rape and rampage by their own troops as much as they dread an invasion by the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese. There have already been reports from the outskirts of marauding soldiers demanding money and bullying residents.

On the city's streets, many people are selling precious heirlooms to raise money for tickets abroad. The Chinese of Cholon, long the city's most sagacious businessmen, are shuttering their shops and slipping away to the coast, where they hope to find ships that will take them to Malaysia. The scenes at Sai-

20 years: former Saigon supporters harassing a Communist government much as Communist guerrillas used to harass Saigon. As one Hungarian official of the I.C.C.S. said privately last week, "The imposition of a Communist government in Saigon would mean civil war." A French official in Paris had the same opinion: "Sure the Viet Cong could take Saigon now, but in six months they'd have another civil war on their hands."

Beyond that, the Communists for well over two years have repeated again and again their allegiance to the Paris accords. Reports filtering out of newly occupied areas, like Danang, indicate that the Communists are setting up administrations that include third force representatives and leave a place for representatives of the Saigon government; the South Vietnamese flag has even been left flying over government buildings, though now it shares billing with the single-starred Viet Cong banner. The Communists apparently feel that with their basic strengths in organization and leadership, they will eventually be able to gain dominance within a coalition government. Thus the Communists recognize, for the time being at least, that there are still two legitimate governments in South Viet Nam.

That of course could change, especially if Saigon continues to disintegrate and the Communists unexpectedly decide to seek a total military victory. Still, negotiations leading to the establishment of the National Council of Reconciliation and Concord would seem to be Saigon's best chance now of ending the war while still retaining a legitimate place in the government. Ironically, tragically, such an arrangement could probably have been reached in January 1973, just after the Paris accords were signed. At that time Saigon probably held the military advantage. Now, 175,000 deaths, millions of refugees and untold suffering later, it is about the best that Saigon can hope for.

gion's banks are reminiscent of the financial panic that gripped Shanghai shortly before it fell to the Chinese Communists a quarter-century ago. Each morning hordes of Saigonese besiege the banks to withdraw their life savings. Almost to a man, Saigon's Indian haberdashers have switched to money changing. At one point the piaster fell to 2,000 to \$1; the rate was 800 to \$1 only a few days earlier.

At dinner parties, conversation tends to turn to questions about how to get out of the country. Should one try to fly or go by ship? How much will a visa cost? Some government ministers are said to be already packing. Mrs. Thieu, the wife of the President, has already left.

Hoping to avert a mass exodus, the government has banned travel abroad, and passports are issued only for "special cases." To qualify for that category, a bribe of \$2,000 or more is needed. Even so, the passport office is crammed with applicants. When a rumor swept the city that Australia was granting unlimited visas to South Vietnamese, a massive crowd snarled traffic in front of the Australian embassy. After the 1954 truce, as many as 50,000 Vietnamese settled in France, which many Vietnamese regard as a cultural mother country. Last week the French embassy was again besieged.

Officials at the U.S. embassy have literally been overwhelmed by the number of applications. "How many?" pondered a weary consular officer. "Don't ask. I haven't had time to count them." Many Americans in Saigon are marrying their girl friends so that the Vietnamese girls will qualify for the preferential treatment accorded spouses of American citizens.

The threat of attack has caused some Vietnamese in Saigon to turn for solace to sorcery or religion. On Easter Sunday, only a few people attended services at St. Christopher's, the little Protestant church next to the U.S. embassy, and those who did were tense and anxious. In one pew, a young Vietnamese girl and her brother, both refugees and no older than 14, sat alone. She wept openly, and the boy held her hand throughout the service. "Amid great stress and suffering," intoned the Anglican priest, "we come to a celebration of life—baptism." Then he sprinkled holy water on an adult Vietnamese convert and christened him Michael.



REFUGEES ON SAIGON-BOUND BUSES REACH FOR RICE FROM VILLAGERS

## WHY THEY FLEE

Even in wartime, the flight of up to 2 million people from an opposing army has to be considered an extraordinary phenomenon. Why were they fleeing, and from whom? Through more than two decades of war in Indochina, some observers have maintained that most of the 20 million people below the 17th parallel were at best reluctant anti-Communists. Basically, the argument went, Northerners and Southerners were above all Vietnamese, separated by only the most artificial of boundaries. Despite some provincial animosities, they were capable of getting along pretty well if outside powers would only leave them alone.

Yet there they were last week, struggling toward sanctuaries deeper and deeper in the South. Were they "voting with their feet," in the phrase used to describe, among other things, the escape of East Germans to the West? Was Communism a more important threat to the peasant, as well as the middle-class merchant, than it was sometimes made out to be?

Inevitably, the headlong exodus was interpreted as a political statement by partisans of both sides. Saigon claimed that the refugees were struggling to escape Communist rule; Hanoi attributed the flight to propaganda inspired by the U.S. and South Viet Nam, and claimed that many refugees were forced to flee at gunpoint by panicky ARVN troops.

In large measure the refugee tide could not be explained in such rational terms. "It was hard to say what started it," said a Catholic priest who had escaped from one of the suddenly lost provinces of South Viet Nam, "but panic set off panic." The flight seemed to overtake everything in its path, engulfing military commanders as well as shopkeepers, peasants and schoolteachers. It uprooted entire towns and villages overnight, causing even greater fear. It mercilessly tore families apart and destroyed the trust and friendship that had been built up between individual Americans and Vietnamese during the past decade. It implanted only one compelling, overriding desire in the minds of its victims: to flee, then flee again until they were safe beyond the fighting.

In every provincial capital there was a sort of lemming effect: first the diplomats and the well-to-do left, then the civil servants, the Americans, and finally officers, enlisted men and even policemen—and in no time the stampede was on. "Suddenly all the people were cornered like rabbits," said Don Sewell, an Australian who administered a hospital in Qui Nhon. "They didn't know which way to run next. The whole city was buzzing. I don't know where people were going, but they were going from one end of the town to the other."

Sheer contagious panic aside, for most people the immediate motive probably was to escape the fighting, to keep from

## INDOCHINA

getting caught in a murderous crossfire. For a variety of reasons, many South Vietnamese had cause to fear their own armed forces. After ARVN abandoned one town last month, the South Vietnamese air force promptly flattened the place with bombs. In city after city, marooned South Vietnamese troops were running wild. A British diplomat noted: "The civilian refugees have as much to fear from the vanquished soldiers as they do from the victors."

Such explanations still left a sizable number who were clearly running to escape Communist rule, as did some 900,000 Vietnamese in 1954 after the country was partitioned at the 17th parallel. That earlier exodus was organized and dominated by Catholics and anti-Communists and was encouraged by the Saigon regime of Ngo Dinh Diem. There was a great deal of propaganda at the time, and some not so subtle rumor mongering. Father Nguyen Dinh Thi, a priest who was part of that flight but who now lives in Paris, claims that some superstitious Catholic peasants were told that Our Lady of Fatima expected the faithful to go south and that, "if they did not, they would be turning their back on her and on their religion." Some of the fears that motivated the earlier exodus proved to be well founded. In the land reform and political re-education programs launched by Hanoi after 1954, some 15,000 Northerners were killed, according to conservative estimates.

**I**n most areas of the south not 1% of the population really understands Communism," says a U.S. social worker from an overrun province; "but rightly or wrongly, there is that fear of what Communists will do to them. Communism is still a physical threat." Twenty-one years of government propaganda no doubt helped instill that fear; but so did 21 years of exposure to Viet Cong and North Vietnamese tactics.

In this respect, just how real is the danger of a Communist bloodbath? Might there be a slaughter, as Richard Nixon once predicted, that would engulf "hundreds of thousands [of South Vietnamese] who had dared to oppose Communist aggression"?

The general population probably has little reason to fear mass violence; peasants may lose their land but almost certainly not their lives. Yet there are segments of South Vietnamese society that are likely to be targets of Communist vengeance. Among these are former soldiers, policemen, civil servants and as many as 200,000 civilians who were employed by or worked closely with the Americans. The armed forces alone account for a sizable number of refugees: Vietnamese soldiers travel with their families, and with anywhere from 100,000 to 200,000 troops in full rout, there could be half a million or so dependents fleeing with them.

A few observers would include in the threatened groups some 4 or 5 million South Vietnamese whose relatives were among the 900,000 that chose to migrate to the South in 1954. Others dispute this judgment, pointing out that the Catholic hierarchy in South Viet Nam does not appear to be overly afraid of Communist vengeance. In the current turmoil, not a single Catholic bishop in the areas overrun by the Communists is known to have fled his post.

Perhaps the most serious case for the bloodbath theory rests on what has happened in areas of South Viet Nam that the Communists have occupied in the past. When they briefly took over Hue during the 1968 Tet offensive, they arrived with lengthy blacklists. In the midst of an exceedingly hard-fought battle, they took the time to round up, execute and dump into mass graves perhaps 2,000 civilians in a population of 200,000. When they gained control of several northern provinces late last year, according to a U.S. intelligence source,

they killed several hundred civil servants. No information is yet available on how the Communists are behaving in the provinces they have won in the past four weeks by default. Hanoi is now said to regard the 1968 executions in Hue as an "error," and may avoid a repetition of them. But from the evidence, the chance of officially sanctioned bloodshed cannot simply be dismissed as a scare story.

It would be a mistake to conclude, however, that the majority of refugees are fleeing south for purely political reasons. Caught between two warring systems, most would undoubtedly prefer to avoid both. Unfortunately, very few are rich enough, or sufficiently well connected, to do so.

## WHERE THEY GO

*While you close your mind to the external causes of our military setbacks, while you close your conscience to collective responsibility, while you close your eyes to facts and reality, while you close your ears to cries for help from those who fought with you for our common ideals, please, for God's sake, don't close your heart to the human tragedy of Viet Nam. As human beings, please help, please.*

The impassioned plea was issued last week as an "Appeal to the American People" by Ambassador Nguyen Huu Chi, South Viet Nam's permanent observer at the United Nations. The plea has certainly not gone unheeded. In the U.S. and elsewhere, governments and private citizens have begun to extend a hand to the South Vietnamese, particularly by adopting some of its orphans.

None of the children orphaned by the Communists' latest drive were being adopted—yet. They were still pushing on to Saigon or, in a very few cases, just beginning to be brought into the capital's crowded orphanages. There are, however, some 1.5 million other orphans already in the South, the products of years of war. The great majority are cared for by relatives or neighbors. But some 40,000 children—many of them outcasts because they are racially mixed offspring of long-departed G.I. fathers—have not even informal families or much of a future in Viet Nam. Even before the current crisis, some 2,000 of these war waifs had been assigned to adoptive parents—mostly in the U.S.—but could not leave until the South Vietnamese and U.S. governments cleared much paper work and transport became available.

With South Viet Nam's future so shaky, the seven church-related and other private U.S. adoption agencies in the country tried to speed the emigration process. A breakthrough came when Edward Daly, the bluff president of World Airways (see **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**) arranged with the U.S.'s Friends of All Children agency in Saigon to fly 450 orphans to the U.S. Daly has long been a benefactor of Vietnamese orphanages and offered to pay for the flight himself. But Saigon-based officials of the U.S. Agency for International Development told Friends of All Children that Daly's DC-8 would be unsafe. On the shortest notice, Daly turned to two other orphan agencies, which quickly produced 60 children for the trip. Without clearance from either Saigon or Washington, Daly's plane took off for Oakland; by week's end most of the children were in their new American homes.

As Daly groused about the bureaucratic bad-mouthing he had endured, AID announced its own plan:

DISABLED VET & KIN IN FLIGHT NEAR CAM RANH







ORPHANS SLEEP SOUNDLY ON WORLD AIRWAYS FLIGHT TO THE U.S.

the U.S. Government would bring all 2,000 children—minus those transported by Daly—to their new parents within days. Travis Air Force Base in California and other West Coast installations prepared to serve as way stations.

The Air Force hastily dispatched a C-5A Galaxy cargo plane—and it crashed (see page 8). The tragedy only intensified the fever pitch of rescue plans, and the Government pledged to carry on its airlift. Tens of thousands of Americans deluged adoption agencies with calls. The State Department set up a toll-free number (800-368-1180) for would-be adopters. At one point, more than 1,000 callers a minute were being turned away by busy signals.

Nine hundred children were flown out of Viet Nam for the West Coast at week's end under the auspices of several agencies; the Holt International Children's Service planned to evacuate hundreds more this week. Mrs. Betty Tisdale of Columbus, Ga., a former associate of the legendary Dr. Thomas Dooley and mother of five adopted Vietnamese girls, left for Saigon to bring back 400 children from the orphanage she had helped found. Mrs. Tisdale received permission from Army Secretary Howard Callaway to house them temporarily at Fort Benning, Ga.

Outside the U.S., the London *Daily Mail* chartered a Boeing 707 to transport 150 orphans from Saigon. The Australian air force ferried out 212 more, who headed to Sydney, and 63 children were sent to adoption in Canada. At week's end a West German agency was still negotiating with the Saigon government to take out 50 orphans.

**T**he British and Australian governments waived their usual immigration regulations for the orphans. U.S. federal law limits the total of Vietnamese immigrants to 20,000 annually, and it is not known how much that will be enlarged. But President Ford declared that red tape would be cut to ease the entry of orphans. To do that, said Attorney General Edward Levi, he would invoke his statutory "parole power" to admit 1,500 orphans right away; more will undoubtedly be let in later. Under the Attorney General's parole power, 31,000 Hungarian refugees entered the U.S. in the 1950s, and some 600,000 Cubans were absorbed after the Castro revolution.

Amid the outpouring of genuine concern for the children, many Vietnamese adults who have good reason to flee their country seem to have been lost in the shuffle. The South Vietnamese government is not issuing passports except in "special cases"—such as the orphans. Saigon officials are worried that a mass exodus would touch off panic among those left behind. Clearly, however, people who were connected with the Thieu regime or with American organizations could be the victims of reprisal if the red flag goes up over Saigon. The U.S. recognizes



GRIEVING WOMEN CARRY SURVIVORS FROM C-5A PLANE CRASH



ADOPTIVE PARENTS WITH NEWLY ARRIVED ORPHAN IN BUFFALO  
Compassion that serves a special purgative purpose.

that as many as 1 million people might have to look to its shores for refuge, but so far has concentrated on children, who are unlikely to be harmed by Communists.

The International Red Cross and other humanitarian groups geared up to assist refugees—young and old—who are not likely to be leaving Viet Nam. But U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim drew sharp criticism from U.S. and other officials for insisting that the evacuation of refugees from Communist-controlled territory was a "very controversial political problem" with which the U.N. should not get involved.

There is some question whether the large-scale adoption of war waifs is a wholesome proposition. In the weeks ahead, speedy removal of children who were separated from their families in the latest mass retreat might mean, in some cases, spiriting away tots whose parents are still alive. In addition, many Vietnamese view rather dimly the Western concept of adoption. They have a strong sense of cultural identity and do not often accept the common (and chauvinistic) American view that a Vietnamese orphan can do no better than come to the U.S. to be raised as an American.

For many Americans, compassion for the children serves a special purgative purpose. Said William Taylor, executive director of the Travelers Aid International Service: "I think people are responding to the feeling of responsibility that our participation in the war helped make these children orphans. Some would call it guilt." President Ford put the matter in the simplest, starkest terms. "This is the least we can do," he said. "And we will do much, much more."



# THE ANATOMY OF A DEBACLE

"How could it happen?" a stunned South Vietnamese official wondered last week. "I just don't see how it could happen." His bafflement was shared by much of the world after the swift collapse of Saigon's fighting forces with almost no resistance in the face of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops. With rare exceptions, the Army of the Republic of Viet Nam (ARVN) did not even stand its ground and fight, dissolving instead into panic and flight in a historic military debacle.

What went wrong? Almost everything.

## Failure of the Paris Accords

Amid much international fanfare, representatives from the U.S., South Viet Nam, North Viet Nam and the Provisional Revolutionary Government signed an "Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Viet Nam" on Jan. 27, 1973 in Paris. Yet the fighting never really stopped; nor were Saigon and the Communists ever able to agree on how to carry out some of the accords' major provisions. They never exchanged maps delineating areas under their respective control (which would have recognized each other's *de jure* rights in those areas); they never set up the National Council of Reconciliation and Concord, which was supposed to have organized national elections; they never designated points where their forces could receive replacements of supplies. When Viet Cong troops showed up at assembly points for resettlement in Communist-held areas, government forces often ambushed them. As for Hanoi, it seemed to view the whole agreement as simply another means of fulfilling Ho Chi Minh's maxim: "Fight until the Americans are gone, and then fight again until the puppet government is overthrown."

All signatories of the accords violated them. The U.S. broke the spirit, though not the letter, of the agreement by rushing an enormous amount of matériel to Saigon just before the cease-fire took effect. In the first year of the cease-fire, government

forces expanded the land area under their control by some 20%, bringing roughly 1 million additional people under the South Vietnamese flag. South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu, who felt with some justification that he was being placed in an untenable no-win situation, also did all he could to block the open political struggle in South Viet Nam that was envisaged by the accords.

Thieu had some compelling reasons for acting as he did. The agreement did not require the North Vietnamese to withdraw their estimated 145,000 troops from South Viet Nam; it did not even dispute Hanoi's absurd assertion that it had no troops in the South. In fact, the Communists did nothing to alleviate Thieu's fears that cease-fire or no, they were still determined to rule the South. Hanoi moved huge numbers of new troops into the South until overall Communist strength had grown by a startling 40%, to 220,000 combat troops at the start of the present offensive (the Viet Cong comprise only a small part of the Communist forces). The Communists turned muddy jungle supply trails into paved all-weather highways, and began sending their units hundreds of new weapons.

The International Commission of Control and Supervision, established to monitor the uneasy truce, was paralyzed almost from the start. Its two Communist members, Poland and Hungary, usually refused to investigate alleged violations by Hanoi. Yet the non-Communist members of the commission—Indonesia and Canada—were generally willing to look into charges against Saigon. The Canadians became so disgusted with the impotence of the ICSS that they resigned in August 1973, and were replaced by Iran.

Only two provisions of the Paris Accords have been fulfilled—the withdrawal of U.S. personnel from South Viet Nam and the return by Hanoi of American prisoners of war. For that reason, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has been accused of negotiating the cease-fire primarily to provide a cloak of respectability under which the U.S. could get out of Viet Nam. Although the agreement theoretically left room for Saigon and the PRG to work out political accommodations, the differences that had long separated the two sides remained. Averell Harriman, who headed the Paris talks with the Communists during Lyndon Johnson's Administration, argues that the U.S. should have sought a political agreement before a cease-fire.

## Failure of Intelligence

In an unusually candid *mea culpa*, Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger admitted: "It is obvious in retrospect that the strength, resiliency and steadfastness of those [Saigon] forces were more highly valued than they should have been." The collapse of ARVN shattered one of the most widely cultivated Washington illusions: that Vietnamization—launched in 1969 as part of Richard Nixon's "Guam Doctrine"—had so improved the fighting ability of South Viet Nam that the country no longer needed U.S. troops to defend it.

Washington may have been fooling itself about ARVN's capabilities. Yet, the U.S. did not fool itself one bit as far as Communist potential was concerned. The build-up of North Vietnamese troops and the massive movement of supplies southward had been accurately recorded by intelligence agents and satellite photos. Although U.S. officials concluded that Hanoi was capable of mounting an attack, they assumed—partly because the biggest previous Communist offensives came during the 1968 and 1972 U.S. election years—that the next major attack would not come until 1976. It is widely believed that Hanoi did not originally intend the current drive to be an all-out offensive; only after ARVN began disintegrating did the Communists decide to keep rolling. Probably the greatest failure was in overestimating ARVN's ability to resist.

What happened? Perhaps ARVN was never as good as many American officials have often claimed. Saigon's forces apparently are still plagued by the weaknesses that have bedeviled them for the past two decades: poor motivation (including an

KISSINGER & NORTH VIET NAM'S LE DUC THO AT 1973 MEETING



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100's and Kool 100's and Marlboro 100's

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine

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19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine

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Viceroy 100's and

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine

and Silva Thins

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and L&M 100's and

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine

Eve 100's and Eve

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine

Parliament 100's and

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine

Twist 100's and Lar

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

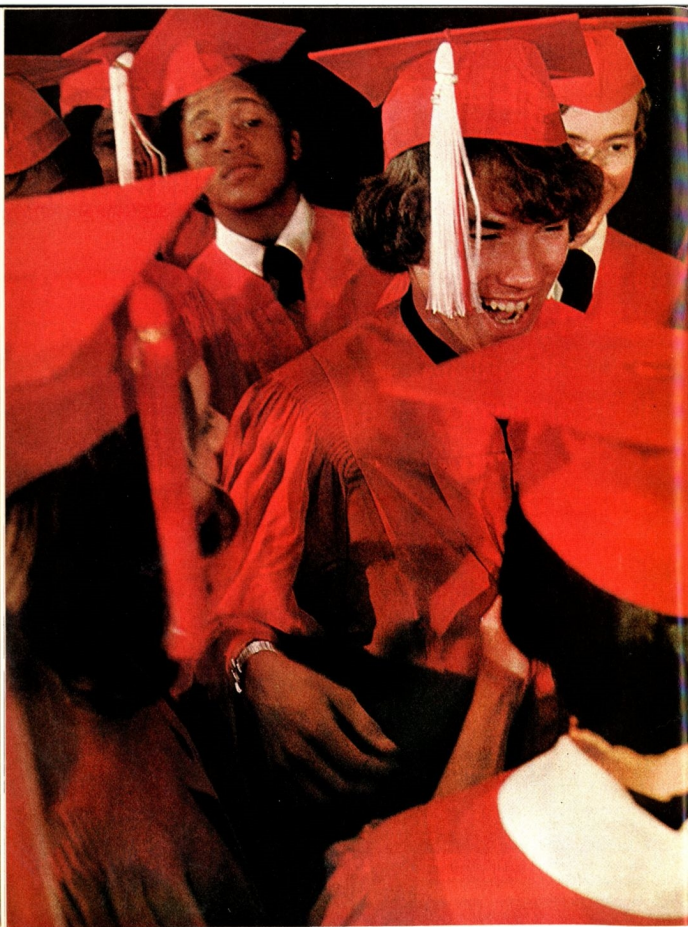


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**DELTA 88**  
18mpg/Highway test  
14mpg/City test



**NINETY-EIGHT**  
16mpg/Highway test  
12mpg/City test



**TORONADO**  
16mpg/Highway test  
11mpg/City test



unclear idea of why they are fighting), low pay (\$20 per month) and officers who attained their commands through nepotism or corruption, or because they come from wealthy families, and who thus have often been indifferent and cruel to the line troops who come primarily from peasant or poor urban backgrounds.

Since the cease-fire, these weaknesses have been accentuated by plunging morale. An inflation rate of 65% in 1973 and 40% in 1974 reduced the soldier's real pay even further. The withdrawal of U.S. advisers, who had played a key role in leading and coordinating ARVN's operations even after Vietnamization began, removed a crucial psychological prop.

### Question of U.S. Aid

One question that may never be settled is whether a reduction in supplies—because of cutbacks in U.S. military aid—fatally undermined ARVN's confidence. According to one line of argument, that same scarcity made it impossible for ARVN to continue the tactics learned from the U.S.—constant harassment and interdiction of Communist troops to keep them off balance and to prevent them from massing in numbers capable of launching a coordinated, deadly offensive. Ceilings were placed on the number of shells that field guns and mortars could fire daily, and there was a severe cutback in helicopter and warplane missions in order to conserve fuel and because of a lack of spare parts. Thus, as this argument goes, ARVN was hamstrung, reduced to a passive, defensive role in which it could only respond to an enemy attack when it was too late. This may have played no small role in the disintegration in ARVN's confidence and willingness to fight. Of course, some observers argue that ARVN learned its lessons all too well from the U.S. and became appallingly wasteful in using what should have been ample supplies.

At the time the Paris Accords were negotiated, Washington apparently misrepresented the degree to which it could guarantee aid to Saigon. The U.S. commitment to Saigon may have been unintentionally ambiguous. It is possible that Secretary of State Kissinger, in the wake of Nixon's 1972 landslide and several diplomatic triumphs of his own, simply did not expect Congress to challenge the Administration's requests. His bitter critics charge, however, that Kissinger deliberately misled the South Vietnamese to buy a "decent interval" during which the U.S. could withdraw its troops and leave Saigon strong enough to survive a few years so that when the collapse came, it would not be viewed as a setback for Washington.

At any rate, the South Vietnamese relied heavily on assurances from almost every level of U.S. diplomats and military officers that after the G.I.s departed, aid would definitely not diminish. Both Washington and Saigon realized that ARVN's only chance of standing alone was if it had enormous amounts of U.S. supplies. Even so, most experts believed that in the face of a major Communist attack, ARVN would again require the support of U.S. bombers. The fact that the Administration had not obtained congressional approval or even a moral commitment for this aid should have made the U.S. Government more circumspect.

Despite the Administration's finger-pointing at Congress, Capitol Hill has approved generous aid bills for South Viet Nam since the Paris Accords. In fiscal 1973, the Administration got \$3.8 billion in aid (of which \$3.3 billion was military); this year it asked

for \$1.4 billion in military aid and so far has got \$700 million, with Congress still to vote on \$300 million in supplementary funds. Plainly, congressional reductions did not pauperize Saigon. When the debacle began a month ago, ARVN was still equipped with some of the world's best weaponry—U.S. grenade launchers, artillery, M-16 rifles, M-48 tanks, helicopters, jet warplanes, trucks, transports and an extensive communications network.

What can be argued is that the reductions were large enough to rule out a one-to-one replacement of equipment lost in battle by ARVN. At the same time, there was no diminution in Moscow and Peking's backing of Hanoi; aid in 1974 is estimated to have totaled \$1.57 billion. Defense Secretary Schlesinger maintains that Pentagon analysts underestimated the adverse impact an aid cutback would have on ARVN's "morale and organizational cohesion and resiliency."

That may be true. But in a broader sense, it could be argued that Hue and Danang were abandoned not because South Vietnamese troops lacked ammunition and equipment, but because of a disastrous failure of leadership and loss of will to fight. Congressional delays in approving the latest request for supplementary aid were seen in Saigon as a demoralizing signal and in Hanoi as an encouraging one. But after a decade of direct involvement, \$150 billion and 56,000 American lives, it is hard to see how a few hundred million dollars more would have been decisive.

### Absence of Leadership

Compounding ARVN's endemic problems has been the failure of leadership, not only by division and regional commanders, but especially by President Thieu. Autocratic and arbitrary, he has promoted relatives and cronies to high government and military positions, suppressed opponents and closed his eyes to widespread corruption.

Thieu's obsessive reclusiveness has cost his country dearly in recent weeks. Apparently, after consulting only two close aides, he summarily ordered ARVN to abandon three provinces in the Central Highlands and the northernmost province of Quang Tri. Most Pentagon analysts acknowledge that on paper Thieu's strategy may have been sound: by shrinking his lines of defense, he should have, theoretically, made it easier to protect the most important areas of the country. But the same analysts roundly condemn Thieu's execution of that strategy. A "retrograde" maneuver—as the experts euphemistically term such a withdrawal—requires extensive planning and a coordinated command structure. Elaborate measures must be taken to save all equipment possible and to destroy what cannot be moved. "Above all," says a Pentagon tactician, "you must inform your subordinates of all phases of the plan."

Thieu gave his officers only six hours' notice before the retreat and not even enough time to fuel vehicles. At Hue it was even worse. "It was like a yo-yo," says a U.S. expert. "First, Thieu gave the order to pull back and defend Danang. Then he countermanded it and ordered that Hue be held. Then he changed his mind again and told the troops to withdraw. A reasonably orderly withdrawal turned into a rout." Hundreds of fighter planes were left behind intact on regional airfields, and masses of valuable equipment—essential if the government ever hoped to mount an effective counterattack—were abandoned.



# CAMBODIA

# WAITING FOR THE FALL

As if to hurry him along, several insurgent rockets whistled in and exploded within 200 yds. of his plane. Cambodian President Lon Nol could delay his departure no longer. Accompanied by his wife and 26 supporters, he climbed aboard an Air Cambodge Caravelle last week for what will undoubtedly amount to permanent exile.

For weeks other Cambodian leaders had been telling Lon Nol that only his departure could open the way to eventual accommodation with the surging Khmer Rouge, who control virtually all of Cambodia's countryside and have brought the few remaining government-held cities under rocket bombardment. Even as he tearfully made his exit, Lon Nol insisted that his absence would be only temporary; he had elicited a face-saving invitation to the exotic isle of Bali from his friend Indonesian President Suharto. In reality, however, Lon Nol, 61, was finished. After a two-week rest in Indonesia, he planned to go to the U.S., where he would surely be a long-term guest.

Thus ended the five-year rule of the army marshal who led the 1970 coup that sent Prince Norodom Sihanouk into exile in Peking and turned his kingdom into a republic. Sihanouk was mercurial and eccentric. Lon Nol, who was partially paralyzed by a stroke four years ago, was withdrawn and mystic. As Lon Nol's regime became tainted with corruption, Sihanouk managed to ingratiate himself with the Khmer Rouge. The Prince may yet make a comeback in Cambodia, but most likely as a figurehead under the tight control of the Khmer Rouge.

Lon Nol's successor is a brusque and austere army lieutenant general, Saukam Khoy, 61, who most recently was president of the senate. In an interview with TIME Correspondent David Aikman, Saukam Khoy declared: "I shall go to the soldiers and the people to find out the situation and inspire them with confidence. Do you like horses? Horses have to be spoken to in order to have confidence. If your horse has confidence in you, he will let you mount him. You must caress your horse, calm him."

One of Saukam Khoy's first acts was to summon all of Cambodia's senior generals for a seven-hour meeting to determine whether anything could be salvaged from Phnom-Penh's parlous military situation. By the time the conference broke up at 1 a.m., Saukam Khoy had decided to give a morale-boosting pay raise to all military personnel (a one-star general makes only \$25 a month), though nobody was sure where the money would come from.

Besides looking for ways to buttress his sagging armed forces, Saukam Khoy announced that he would seek a cease-fire with the Khmer Rouge and negotiations to establish a coalition government. The only response from the shadowy Communist insurgents was a step-up in their attacks throughout the country. After withstanding a prolonged siege, the government last week finally abandoned the city of Kompong Seila, 70 miles southwest of Phnom-Penh, and airlifted 2,000 civilians and troops out of the city. The Khmer Rouge advanced within mortar range of the airport at Battambang, the country's second largest city (pop. 200,000), temporarily halting the ammunition and supply flights on which that city depends for survival.

The noose that for months has dangled around Phnom-Penh's neck drew painfully tighter. To the southeast, 30 miles down the Mekong, the government lost its last two strongholds. After a siege of three months, the insurgents overpowered stubborn resistance, often in bloody, hand-to-hand combat, to capture the twin towns of Banam and Neak Luong. The victory freed some 4,000 Khmer Rouge troops who were reported to be making their way up the Mekong in sampans for the looming assault on the capital. To the east, the attackers overran several government positions to come within mortar and rocket range of the main navy base at the Chrouy Chang-var promontory on the Mekong River. To the southeast, the Khmer Rouge pushed within eight miles of the city limits.

**T**he most crucial sector was on the northern front, which protects Pochentong airport. The U.S. was bringing in about 1,500 tons of ammunition and food and medical supplies daily. If that flow was cut or seriously disrupted, and stockpiles were depleted, Phnom-Penh would collapse quickly. It is likely to do so in any case when U.S. aid runs out at the end of April; Congress is not expected to grant President Ford's request for an additional \$222 million when it reconvenes this week. The fact that the city's fate is virtually sealed may be one reason that the Khmer Rouge show no willingness to negotiate with Saukam Khoy, whom Sihanouk has placed on his latest list of "supertraitors" earmarked for execution.

"It's not to continue the war but to keep the Khmer Rouge from entering Phnom-Penh that we are asking for aid," Saukam Khoy said last week. Some of the defending units had no more than six or ten mortar rounds left to repulse the next attack. Young front-line commanders often kept an ear on the

LOI NOL & WIFE AT AIRPORT



BODY OF YOUNG GIRL KILLED BY A GRENADE IN PHNOM-PENH MARKET



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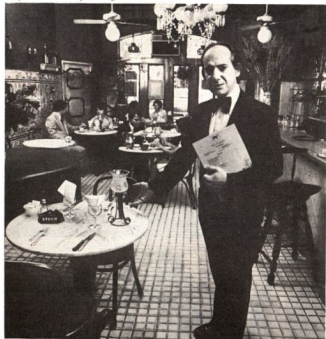


*Fur coats and stoles are  
a steal in Latin America.*

*You can convert your dollars very  
cheaply into gold, silver, and copper.*



*You can eat out in Latin America  
for the cost of eating home here.*



In Caracas, where gasoline sells for 12¢ a gallon, your dollar can go, say, 150 miles.

Wines? You can get the best quality local wine for as little as \$1.00.

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Devaluation? What's that?

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Some cars fool you. They look big and roomy on the outside but on the inside they cramp your style.

The reason is simple. Their designers probably created them backwards—from the outside in. Starting with a fashionable body design, they squeezed in the interior components one by one. Whatever was left over became the passenger space.

The Peugeot 504 sedan is different. It was designed logically—from the inside out. So by the time Italy's famous Pininfarina began creating the 504's body, Peugeot engineers had already designed almost the entire inside of the car.

### Big car comfort.

Our engineers started with the passenger compartment, figuring in how much room adults really need to ride in comfort—in the back seat as well as the front. As a result the 504 offers practically the same headroom and legroom that you'll find in a full-size car. (Even though it's much smaller on the outside than a full-size car.)

In fact, you'll find more front headroom inside the Peugeot 504 than you will in any American sedan except the Cadillac Fleetwood. And only eight-tenths of an inch less legroom in front than a Chrysler Imperial.

And you'll find plenty of interior luxury and comfort, too. The front seats are fully-reclining and even adjust automatically for height as

they're moved back and forth. Instrumentation is complete with such features as an electric clock and a tachometer.

There's also an electric rear window defroster. Child-proof rear door locks. Tinted glass. And a sliding steel sunroof. All standard.

### Safety before styling.

What surrounds the passenger area is engineered for safety. The 504 has a strong unit body construction, designed to absorb the impact of a collision gradually in order to protect the passengers inside.

Windows are wide and roof pillars slim, so the driver has a full 331 degrees of visibility with virtually no blind spots.

But the fine engineering of the Peugeot goes far beyond its safety and efficient space design. Because the 504 sedan is essentially a driving car. With such standard features as rack-and-pinion steering for precise handling. Michelin steel-belted radial tires for maximum road control in nearly any kind of weather. Power disc brakes on all four wheels for fast, sure stops. And four-wheel independent suspension with huge front shock absorbers for leveling out ruts and bumps.

As a result the 504 is one family car

that drives more like a sports sedan. With an incredibly smooth ride that prompted *Road & Track* to say, "We've never driven a car that was affected less by bumps, ditches, ridges or ruts when being driven hard."

### The luxury of economy.

Yet for all this, the 504 sedan performs economically. In the 1975 EPA Federal tests, its efficient four-cylinder engine delivered a remarkable 27 mpg on the highway and 20 mpg in the city.

We also make a diesel model that did even better: 35 mpg in highway driving, 27 mpg in city driving.

(Of course the actual mileage you get will depend on how and where you drive and other variables.)

But to really appreciate the Peugeot, you have to spend some time in it. That's why we give you a 24-hour Trial instead of a 10-minute test drive.

Just stop by any participating dealer. We're confident the more you drive a Peugeot, the more you'll want to own one.

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A different kind of luxury car.

# Saving energy

## American industry offers a tremendous potential for energy savings right now.

One way to reduce our dependence on foreign oil is to use energy more efficiently. This means using less electricity and heating oil in our homes. It means saving on gasoline in our cars.

American industry also offers a great potential for using energy efficiently. Why? Because industry uses at least one-third of all the energy consumed in the U.S. today.

All major industries require large amounts of energy. In fact, 25 percent of all our energy is consumed by just six industries: farming and food processing, aluminum, chemical, iron and steel, paper, and petroleum refining.

**Exxon will save enough energy to run New York City for 30 days.**

In the case of Exxon, we use energy to make energy. But, by the

end of this year Exxon expects to cut energy usage at our U.S. refineries by 15 percent of what we used in 1972. The energy we save could provide enough electricity to run New York City for one month.

**No more "full speed ahead."**

A ship captain can save fuel the same way you save gasoline in your car. By slowing down our U.S. tankers and towboats and by cut-

## Four examples of how much

1.



By the end of this year, Exxon expects to cut the energy its U.S. refineries use by 15 percent. This will save about 252 million gallons of oil...

... or enough to produce electricity to run New York City for one month.



2.



Exxon's U.S. tankers reduced fuel consumption by 5.5 million gallons last year...

... or enough to fuel 1300 farm tractors for one year.



ting nonessential power demands, Exxon saved 5.5 million gallons of fuel last year. That is enough to power 1300 farm tractors for a year.

At our oil and gas treating plants in Jay, Florida, an energy conservation program has already reduced fuel gas consumption by 25 percent. This savings is equal to the natural gas consumed by approximately 20,000 typical Florida homes during an average day.

Since the beginning of 1973, our three major chemical plants in the U.S. have conserved enough fuel in their operations to provide the residential energy needs of Atlanta, Georgia, for one year.

Last year, our 54-story headquarters in New York cut its energy requirements by nearly 35 percent. Our Houston office reduced its consumption of electricity by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours. That is enough electricity to power 575 average-sized homes for one year.

Recently Exxon switched all company cars from standard size to intermediate or compact size. We expect that this will save 500,000 gallons of gasoline annually—or enough to run 500 cars for one year.

**There is evidence of progress.**

As a nation, there is evidence that we are making progress on curbing energy use. Figures from the U.S.

Bureau of Mines and the American Petroleum Institute show that demand for energy *dropped* 3.3 percent in 1974 as compared to 1973. Gasoline consumption alone dropped 2 percent.

Take a good look at how you run your operation, whether it's a corporation, a small business, or a home in the suburbs. We think you'll be surprised at the ways you can use energy efficiently to conserve our nation's energy supplies. And you'll save money too.



## energy Exxon plans to save:

3.

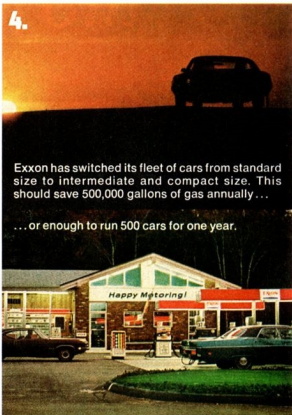


Exxon's Houston office has reduced its annual electric consumption by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours...

...or enough to provide electricity for 575 average-sized homes for one year.



4.



Exxon has switched its fleet of cars from standard size to intermediate and compact size. This should save 500,000 gallons of gas annually...

...or enough to run 500 cars for one year.



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# My cigarette has to do two jobs.

I smoke for taste—but I still want low tar and nicotine.

I smoke Winston Lights because they give me what I want: real taste and lighter tar and nicotine.

A lot of cigarettes try to do both jobs, but for me only one always has real taste. Winston Lights.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# HOW SHOULD AMERICANS FEEL?

Until a few weeks ago, Americans enjoyed a comforting illusion: the feeling that Viet Nam and all its horrors had somehow gone away for good. To be sure, the shells were still being fired and the countryside wasted, but Vietnamese were now fighting Vietnamese. The memories of a divided America, the alienation of the young, the riots and marches, the massacres and courts-martial—for many, these were still alive and bitter. But the U.S. had finally extricated itself from a war that had traumatized American society for a whole generation.

Then, with stunning suddenness, the war burst upon the U.S. all over again. Huế, Danang, Pleiku, Kontum—hearing the names once more is like suffering a relapse of some virulent disease. It is impossible for Americans to regard the flow of refugees and the anguish of the orphans without pangs of sorrow and even outrage. Every image of a bewildered child, of a weeping mother, makes a claim on the conscience. However disastrous the final results, most Americans once sincerely felt that they were aiding these people. Now one cannot escape the obvious question: If the long American presence in Viet Nam was misguided, is the American absence now *also* to become a national nightmare? Must Americans feel as haunted about the close of the war as they were about its conduct?

**T**he official answers have not been reassuring. In his press conference, President Ford seemed to believe that the sacrifice of U.S. dead and wounded would be in vain unless Congress voted new military aid to Viet Nam. Many Vietnamese and foreign observers were quick to blame the U.S. for the plight of South Viet Nam. Saigon's ambassador to Washington, Tran Kim Phung, stated that it is "probably safer to be an ally of the Communists." In a wild-eyed broadside in the *New York Times*, Sir Robert Thompson, consultant on guerrilla warfare to President Nixon, argued that "a new foreign policy line has already been laid down by Congress: if you surrender, the killing will stop. It is a clear message, to the world, of the abject surrender of the United States."

A calmer reckoning of American responsibility must be made in several stages—the initial involvement, the continuation of the war in the face of prohibitive human and material cost, the withdrawal of American troops and airpower, and finally the events since the Paris peace accords.

It is now almost universally conceded that the American intervention in Viet Nam was a mistake—a mistake that involved four Presidents, many of the nation's top statesmen. Once they had followed the French into the wrong war for the wrong reasons, they failed to heed the evidence that—short of the notorious suggestion to bomb the country back into the Stone Age—the Viet Nam War could never be "won" in the traditional sense. At fault perhaps was an American inability to accept defeat, or a hypnotic preoccupation with the models of previous, simpler wars. There was no precedent to quote, no guidebook to lead the way out.

This dilemma produced not only tragedy for the Vietnamese but a series of mistakes, half-truths, lies and euphemisms that damaged the fabric of American society. Leaders first deceived themselves and then deceived the public. The American people, misled from the top and from the sides, underwrote an opaque conflict that neither generals nor Presidents quite comprehended. The tragedy was only heightened by the fact that the U.S. entered the war not for any basic reasons, but out of an understandable desire—although many saw the conflict as merely a civil war—to thwart Communist aggression. Even Senator J. William Fulbright, long a foe of the American involvement

in Viet Nam, concedes that the war was not fought "because of any bad motives or evil purposes, but because some of our leaders didn't understand the situation."

One of the war's victims was the national conscience, which was never able to reconcile America's lofty intentions with the slaughter that appeared every evening on the TV screens. In a melancholy, prophetic book, *Tragedy and Philosophy*, Princeton Philosopher Walter Kaufmann departed briefly from his discussion of ancient Greek and Elizabethan plays to mention Viet Nam. His explanation of why the U.S. seemed somehow unable to quit the war in 1968 is a therapeutic jolt for those who prefer not to recall the recent past. "If we stop, our guilt is palpable," he wrote, "all this hell for nothing. Hence we must incur more guilt, and more, and always more to cleanse ourselves of guilt. Here is a parallel to *Macbeth*." But in real as in the atypical tragedy, the killing had to stop.

It will always be an open and disturbing question whether the U.S. could and should have pulled out sooner than it did.

At any rate, those who are quick to judge cannot have it both ways: they cannot condemn the violence of the war and simultaneously criticize the U.S. for putting an end to its part in the violence.

In the two years since the Paris accords, it was almost certainly a mistake, another self-deception, to assume that President Nguyen Van Thieu could fight the other side to a standstill without U.S. troops or airpower. Even though large numbers of South Vietnamese clearly still wanted to fight the Communists, it might have been far wiser to prod Saigon into a compromise with the Communists. This might have ultimately saved lives in Viet Nam and provided a less calamitous finale.

What of the argument that the U.S. had a moral commitment after the Paris accords to support Thieu with military aid? It did have such a commitment, and it did supply such aid. But it is hard to maintain that paring down that aid was a breach of the commitment, or that the commitment had to run indefinitely. One thing is evident: continuation of American military aid, even at much higher levels, even with the additional amount requested by the President, could not have basically changed the situation. It might have prolonged Saigon's resistance without a clear end in sight. Cuts in U.S. assistance certainly were a factor (see "The Anatomy of a Debacle," page 16). But this cannot account for the total collapse of Thieu's armies—the corruption, waste, demoralization, the acts of pillage and murder against the very people the troops were supposed to be defending.

**T**he American appetite for self-blame can be just as dangerous as heedlessness or irresponsibility. After meeting with Secretary of State Kissinger last week, onetime Under Secretary of State George Ball said: "The thing that alarms me the most is the attitude of wringing hands, that 'no one will believe America again.' That's just nonsense. Most of our allies feel we should have got out of Viet Nam long ago and are happy that the exodus has finally been accomplished." Given a wiser policy, the exodus could have been accomplished less bitterly, with less damage to the American reputation. But basically Ball is right.

America cannot escape responsibility for Viet Nam. Nor can the recognition of Saigon's own fatal weakness, which is ultimately to blame, assuage the national grief for the Vietnamese in their final agony. But America did not enlist in the war for life. There cannot be an infinite cycle of protests, re-creation and guilt. The U.S. has paid for Viet Nam—many times over. A phase of American history has finished. It is time to begin anew.



DAVID HENRIK

## THE BUREAUCRACY

## Opening Up Those Secrets

The Government has long been snooping too much and telling too little. Lately, however, Americans have been using new legal weapons to fight against excessive federal secrecy, and have been winning some battles.

The chief target: the bulging files in which U.S. agencies keep billions of classified documents, ranging from sensitive details about the nation's nuclear arsenal to dossiers on citizens who have been put under surveillance because they attended radical (or not so radical) political meetings. Late last year Congress moved to open up more of those files. It liberally amended the 1966 Freedom of Information Act in an effort to remove some of the procedural obstacles that bureaucrats had set up to frustrate the law's purpose, which was to make available to the public all but the most sensitive federal documents. As a result, officials are speedily granting many of the requests for information, and a mass of formerly withheld material is being turned over to academic researchers, reporters and other citizens.

Some agencies used to take more than two months to respond—if they responded at all—and charged up to \$1 per page to duplicate files. Now, they must reply within ten working days and

limit charges to actual copying costs, usually 5¢ or 10¢ per page. Further, the new amendments permit a citizen to appeal to the courts if an agency refuses to turn over documents; it is up to the Government to prove that the material must be kept secret to preserve national security, protect confidential sources or for some other valid reason. If a judge agrees that the information was capriciously withheld, the official responsible may be reprimanded, suspended or even dismissed.

**Mafia Call.** In asking for documents, a citizen need not explain who he is or why he wants the information. An FBI official complains that a Mafia don could call for information on how the agency combats organized crime. A CIA official worries more about Soviet agents getting at secrets. Such fears are probably groundless; it seems unlikely that the courts will force agencies to release information that would compromise national security or FBI methods.

Since the amendments took effect on Feb. 19, bureaucrats have been inundated with demands for documents. Compared with the same period last year, requests have increased sixteenfold at the FBI. Altogether, the FBI, the CIA and the Internal Revenue Service have re-

ceived more than 1,300 letters asking for information, mostly from people who want to know what files the Government is keeping on them.

Democratic Representative Bella Abzug of New York got the file that the CIA had on her, and found that for 22 years, the agency had been maintaining a dossier on some of her activities as lawyer and politician (TIME, March 17). Similarly, the CIA turned over to former Democratic Representative Charles Porter of Oregon 17 items from his file, including a report on his attendance at a 1968 meeting of the Congress of Racial Equality in Oakland, Calif. Asks Porter: "What the hell does that have to do with the CIA? They're treating me like a security risk."

Other people are using the amendments to extract information about historic events, for publication in newspapers and scholarly journals. That was the basis for 30 requests by Morton Halperin, who is working on a study of Government secrecy and national security. He asked for information from the FBI, the CIA, the State Department and the National Security Council. To his surprise, he has found that "generally, the agencies are proceeding in good faith. We've received much more than I would have predicted."

So far, he has been given portions of several secret documents, including Pentagon papers that had not been made public by Daniel Ellsberg, the Secretary of Defense's annual reports to the House and Senate Armed Services Committees on U.S. military strength from 1962 through 1972, a study that Halperin did for the Government on the Quemoy crisis of 1958, and transcripts of two off-the-record sessions in which Secretary of State Henry Kissinger briefed reporters on the Vladivostok arms agreement. Nothing of significance was revealed in the documents, but Halperin plans to appeal to the courts for portions that were deleted and for other information that was refused.

**Foreign Gifts.** Columnist Jack Anderson pried loose the State Department's and Pentagon's cables relating to the foreign travel of 250 members of Congress in 1973 and 1974, which led to his writing nine columns on freeloading and high living by legislators. He revealed, for example, that the State Department had shipped home carpeting that the wife of New Mexico Senator Joseph Montoya had bought in Hong Kong. The Washington Post got the State Department to open up files on official foreign gifts to former President Nixon and his family. The Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman obtained 17,000 pages of research and other materials that the Army had withheld on the My Lai massacre.

Robert and Michael Meeropol have



WALTER BERNETT



ABZUG READING HER OWN CIA FILE

HALPERIN EXAMINING PREVIOUSLY CLASSIFIED RECORDS



been refused many documents, chiefly from the CIA and the FBI, that they believe would clear the names of their parents, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were executed in 1953 as nuclear spies. Historian Allen Weinstein of Smith College, who has tried in vain for three years to open up the FBI files on the Rosenberg and Alger Hiss cases, complains: "The amendments haven't made any change as far as I can tell." Historian James MacGregor Burns agrees. After failing for two years to force the State Department to release thousands of pages of material on the diplomatic history of the 1950s and 1960s, he warns: "We should be learning things from U.S. interventions in Korea, Lebanon and Viet Nam and we aren't." Burns believes that the amendments "won't make much difference until the people who actually control the records are willing to live up to the spirit of the law." Indeed, old bureaucratic attitudes die hard. In a *Catch-22* situation, the FBI automatically starts a file on everyone who writes asking the bureau whether he or she is in its files.

## TRIALS

### Big John at the Bar

The tall silver-haired man striding down the Washington corridor could have been the sleek candidate for the U.S. presidency that he once seemed destined to become. "Hiya, John B.," said a passer-by with a warm slap on the shoulder. Despite such joviality, John B. Connally, 58, was heading toward U.S. District Judge George L. Hart's courtroom to face trial. The charges: accepting a \$10,000 gratuity for influencing President Nixon to increase federal milk-price supports in 1971. Three times Governor of Texas, and Secretary of the Treasury under Nixon, Connally looked tense last week at what may be the last big trial handled by the Watergate special prosecutor's staff.

**Footprint Trail.** In his opening statement to the jury of seven women and five men (including nine blacks), Prosecutor Jon A. Sale charged that Connally had not only accepted but had actually solicited the money from Lawyer Jake Jacobsen, who was a go-between for the Associated Milk Producers Inc., the nation's largest dairy cooperative. The evidence, claimed Sale, would show that the money "left a trail of footprints . . . to Mr. Connally." The prosecution has documented its case with bank records and logs of meetings and phone calls between Jacobsen and his old pal Connally.

Denying all, Defense Attorney Edward Bennett Williams insisted that Jacobsen had actually pocketed the \$10,000 himself and then pinned a bum rap on Connally. Jacobsen did that, said Williams, "to extricate himself from his

troubles" after he had been indicted in an unrelated savings and loan scandal. Indeed, prosecutors dropped seven fraud charges against Jacobsen after he agreed to plead guilty to one count of offering gratuities and said that he would testify against Connally. Earlier, Jacobsen had testified six times to four other investigative bodies that Connally had not taken money from him.

**Thank You.** In a scratchy White House tape played at the trial, Connally's persuasive voice was heard urging Nixon to boost the milk-price supports, at least in part to sew up the dairymen's large contributions to his 1972 campaign. After the increases had been granted, Jacobsen testified last week, Connally asked that since the dairy

sen had offered the money to Connally for political candidates but that he had turned it down and the cash had remained in Jacobsen's safe-deposit box at an Austin bank. To make good their story, Jacobsen told the court, Connally gave him \$10,000, handing it over in a cigar box. Jacobsen said that he then deposited the money in the Austin safe-deposit box.

Their story, said Jacobsen, began to unravel when Connally remembered that some of the bills he had paid back had been circulated after 1971. (They bore the signature of George Shultz, Connally's successor as Treasury Secretary.) The pair tried to replace them with older bills but, if Jacobsen's story is true, Connally somehow messed up. When



CONNALLY & WIFE ARRIVING AT COURT; JACOBSEN AFTER TESTIFYING  
A scratchy White House tape and a safe-deposit box loaded with cash.

groups had raised big money for politicians, "why don't they raise some for me?" Jacobsen said that he got \$10,000 in \$100 bills from Bob Lilly, lobbyist for the Associated Milk Producers, and gave half of it to Connally on May 14, 1971, in his office at the Treasury. Connally took the money to his private bathroom, added Jacobsen, presumably to count and hide it, and then said, "Thank you very much." Jacobsen contended that he gave Connally a second \$5,000 on Sept. 24, 1971, also at the Treasury. (Another witness, one of Connally's former secretaries, verified logs showing that the two men had indeed met on May 14 and Sept. 24, 1971.)

In October 1973, Jacobsen went on, when the pair learned that Lilly had told the special prosecutor's office of the payola, they concocted a story that Jacob-

FBI agents opened the safe-deposit box in November 1973, they found 16 bills in the cache that had not been in circulation in 1971. Confronted with this evidence, Jacobsen said, he decided to spill the whole truth.

Jacobsen's clear, forthright testimony did not seem to shake John Connally, who afterward smiled, squeezed hands and moved easily through the crowd outside the court. Which man's confidence was truly justified may be revealed as Jacobsen faces cross-examination this week from fabled, relentless Defense Counsel Williams. Surely he will raise the question of why his client, a man worth millions, would jeopardize his political future for \$10,000. And Connally may have something to say about that when he takes the stand, probably next week.



## THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

## Big, Bulging and Boggled Down

This is a strange time for the U.S. Government. Rarely in the past 40 years has it seemed so unable to act positively, so bogged down in its own miseries and self-pity. Gerald Ford, clonking golf balls on the Palm Springs fairways, and Henry Kissinger, pouting in his seventh-floor State Department barony, have set an example of leadership by blame. If ever there was a time to seize opportunity during crisis (a device extolled by Richard Nixon) and put on a creative foreign policy surge, it is now. The moment cries out for leadership to accept the realities, submerge re-creation and fashion a new view of the future. It might even be exhilarating.

The lassitude, however, is so pervasive now, from the Oval Office to Capitol Hill, that one wonders if we have entered the era in which the sheer size of Government has rendered it incapable of responding to the nation's needs.

They finally produced a new tax bill in Congress, but devising new energy measures is going to be a longer, harder task. In the midst of crises last week, Congress was on vacation, its leadership scattered from Peking to Athens. Nothing seemed to be progressing as well as plans to expand the size of a Congressman's staff by two more people (making a total of 18) or smashing through blocks of graceful old residences near the Capitol to make way for more congressional office buildings, including one monster that could cost \$200 million.

The U.S. Information Agency, which with more than 9,000 people is about one-fourth as large as the entire State Department, has done nothing else quite so effectively as oppose a reorganization plan drafted by the prestigious Stanton Commission. The commission logically believes that the cold war, for which the USIA was formed, is over and that most of the agency's function should now be absorbed by the State Department.

The Internal Revenue Service is collecting taxes, certainly, but it is also trying to explain its embarrassing link with "Operation Leprechaun," in which undercover agents, including at least one curvaceous woman, gathered information on the sexual and drinking habits of 30 public figures in the Miami area. There are morning-after doubts that the CIA's Herculean effort to raise a sunken Soviet submarine could have produced much valuable intelligence. The notion grows that it might have been a \$350 million project for men still playing James Bond.

The genial Secretary of the Interior Rogers C.B. Morton has been moved to Commerce. The Republican conservative nominated to replace him is Wyoming's former Governor Stanley K. Hathaway, who allowed, among other things, blanket slaughter of golden eagles erroneously believed to be major predators of livestock.

The Department of Agriculture, which now has 105,907 employees (one for every 26.6 farmers), helped bring us the soybean shortage and the inflationary Russian wheat sale.

The Pentagon, which spends millions on intelligence gathering and assessment, failed to adequately warn the President of the collapse of South Viet Nam's armed forces.

Certainly there are many commendable Government operations. But more and more clumsy, insensitive acts by bureaucracies crowd the news. These huge assemblies of people seem to drift farther from the national interest toward the preservation of their special worlds.

There are 2,710,536 federal civilian employees in this country, a vast pool of talent (13% of the permanent employees have graduate schooling) that seems to decline in its ability to innovate as the problems and bureaucracy grow. Government employees are the single largest salaried group in the U.S. In many ways they are better paid and more secure in their jobs than their counterparts in the private economy. The men and women in Washington (341,181 civilians, 62,133 military) are exceptionally well-housed, well-vacationed and well-pensioned; their leaders are chauffeured in some 800 finely tuned automobiles. In the Library of Congress there are 320 miles of shelves containing the wisdom and experience of civilization, and 4,200 people to help the rest of us get what we need out of 16 million books and 58 million other items. But right now at least, there are not many people who seem to know what to do with it all.



FORD IN PALM SPRINGS LAST WEEK



PARR IN HIS PRIME (1954)

## TEXAS

## Death of a Duke

In tiny San Diego (pop. 4,750), seat of Duval County in the heart of the south Texas triangle, a team of sheriffs, marshals, and Texas Rangers was closing in on its man. Then it spied the fugitive's 1969 Chrysler Imperial at the edge of a quiet pasture, and the search was over. Slumped over the steering wheel, a bullet in his brain, was George B. Parr, 74, the "Duke of Duval," an affable, unimposing man who for decades reigned as one of America's most autarchic political bosses, the man who reputedly put Lyndon Johnson in the U.S. Senate. Beside him lay a .45, but no note.

The story of the Duval duchy began in 1911 when three Mexican Americans were gunned down in San Diego by a gang of Anglos opposed to the town's incorporation under Chicano control. Ethnic conflict reached a high pitch. Alone among the area's "Americans" to champion the Mexicans' position was George's father Archie Parr, a small-time rancher. For years thereafter, the Mexicans—who still make up 90% of the population of Duval and surrounding counties—honored Parr as their cacique. Parr saw to it that roads were built, local government jobs were manufactured, and bail money was available to miscreants. In return, Parr's political vassals, many of them ill-educated and poor, voted the way he said.

**Missing Ballots.** George Parr inherited—and expanded—Archie's godfatherly political role. He grew rich when oil was discovered on Parr land, branched out into banking, beer distribution and other business interests, and built himself a walled Spanish-style manor that boasted a private race track.

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## THE NATION

He tripped in the mid-1930s, when he served nine months in federal prison for income tax evasion. Yet despite his lust for wealth, Parr felt affection for the local people and won many friends. His influence was so strong that when a Parr nominee already on the ballot disobeyed the boss a few weeks before the election, Parr managed to beat him with a write-in candidate.

Parr's star was never higher than in 1948, when Coke Stevenson—a former Texas Governor and onetime Parr favorite fallen from grace—was pitted against young Congressman Lyndon Johnson in a tight Democratic senatorial primary. Six days after the election, it looked as if Stevenson had won by 113 votes of the almost 1 million cast. But then one precinct of Parr-bossed Jim Wells County reported that it had discovered 202 ballots that had not been counted before—and 201 of them were for Johnson. Recriminations flew, but the Democratic state executive committee upheld L.B.J.'s nomination—and soon thereafter the last-minute ballots mysteriously disappeared. Johnson went on to win the general election.

A few years later, the law began to catch up with Parr. A Jim Wells County jury convicted Parr of threatening a local restaurant owner with a gun, and he was fined \$100. He was again discovered to be behind in his taxes—this time more than \$1 million—and went into bankruptcy. He was also convicted of using the mails to defraud a school district of \$220,000 by issuing checks to nonexistent people.

**Another Fortune.** Nonetheless, Parr's well-greased machine got out the vote as before. Duval County went for Kennedy and Johnson by a 12 to 1 margin in 1960, and John Connally, vying for the gubernatorial nomination two years later, swept the county 14 to 1. Things began to look up for the boss: the U.S. Supreme Court threw out his school-funds conviction, and the Government dropped a tax-evasion case it had been preparing. Quietly he built another fortune. No one knows just how, but Parr's long-standing network of friends surely helped out.

Yet in recent years Parr had become something of a relic. Old friends gradually began to turn their backs. A hint of bitterness would creep into Parr's piercing blue eyes as he saw his power slipping away.

Last year the Government went after him once again. He was found guilty of failing to report \$287,000 in income and sentenced to five years in prison. "I'm not afraid," he remarked. "I just hope they don't have any bedbugs." Two weeks ago, a federal district court denied his appeal; when it was learned that he had been seen toting a gun, a hearing was scheduled to consider revoking his bond. But George Parr, a persistent piece of Western folklore to the end, decided not to go to the hearing—and picked up his pistol instead.

## GOVERNORS

# Reagan? Wallace? No, Brown

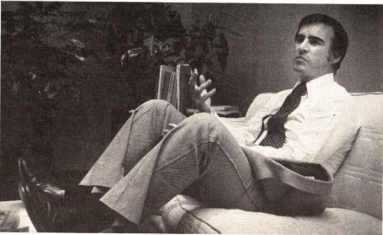
Democratic Political Consultant Joe Cerrell was needing Donald Livingston, a member of former California Governor Ronald Reagan's cabinet. "Reagan must be ecstatic about his successor," joshed Cerrell. "No," Livingston retorted, "he thinks Jerry Brown has gone too far to the right."

If Democrat Brown, 37, bewildered people when he was running for Governor, he dumbfounds them now. Considered by opponents to be an unpredictable sort who would promote all kinds of costly innovations, Brown preaches frugality and the limits of government as much as the conservative Reagan ever did. In part, dwindling revenues in a recession year have forced him to hold down the budget. The same

rent out of his own pocket. Gifts are invariably returned to the sender: a gold pass to Disneyland, a copy of *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* in Latin. Brown even rejected a volume commemorating the tenth anniversary of the Los Angeles Music Center, a gift from Buff Chandler, matriarch of the politically powerful family that publishes the *Los Angeles Times*. With that, his father, former Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, complained, "Jerry goes too far. He could have at least sent a personal note."

Brown demands similar restraint by the state. After scrutinizing every agency's spending proposal—a feat performed by no other California Governor in memory—he offered a supertight budget of \$11.3 billion for fiscal 1976.

HAZE—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE



CALIFORNIA'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE JERRY BROWN IN HIS OFFICE  
A new constituency from both ends of the political spectrum.

dilemma confronts many other governors (see box following page). But Brown takes pride in his restraint, as if he were doing people a favor that they scarcely realize. Too much government, he maintains, has been bad for them. "I think you've got to focus on individual accountability," says the onetime Jesuit seminarian. "You just can't get everything without pain and suffering or without having to pay a price. There is no such thing as a free ride anywhere."

**No Mansions.** Brown's spare approach is most apparent in his life-style in office. The conservative Reagan had operated in rather sumptuous fashion; he traveled in a Cessna jet or in limousines guarded by a squad of highway patrolmen. Brown put the limousines up for auction; he flies commercial and rides in a 1974 Plymouth with one plain-clothesman. He vows never to move into the \$1.3 million Governor's mansion that was started by his predecessor. Instead, he lives in a modest Sacramento apartment and pays the \$250-a-month

This represented a 4.6% increase over the previous budget—scarcely enough to keep up with inflation and far less than the 12.2% average yearly boost in the Reagan administration. Tirelessly, Brown proselytizes for reduced spending, probing with Socratic questioning that leaves many listeners in a rage. He startled the University of California regents by dismissing their verbose academic plan as a "perfect example of the squid process: ink spread across the page in unintelligible wordlike patterns that tell me absolutely nothing." He suggested that University President-designate David Saxon take a cut in his scheduled \$59,500-a-year salary. Asked Brown: "Why in the world are salaries higher for administrators when the basic mission is teaching?"

Declaring that the "liberalism of the '60s is dead," Brown emphasizes the failure of many great-expectations programs. In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Jess Cook, Brown said: "The fact that there's a problem doesn't mean



CAREY



BORN



LONGLEY



LAMM

## No More Wine and Roses

Besides Jerry Brown, a remarkable group of Governors took office this year and seemed likely to offer novel departures from conventional politics. A progress report on four of them:

**NEW YORK'S HUGH CAREY.** Democrat Carey, 55, had planned during his first 100 days to begin reorganizing the state's criminal-justice system, reforming election laws and dumping outmoded boards and commissions. Instead, he has had to wrangle with the Republican senate over revenue and deal with inherited emergencies.

Carey describes the government that he took over as Nelson Rockefeller's "megastate," an expansive creature that could be fed only by an ever-expanding economy. Largely because of hard times, the New York State Urban Development Corp., an agency created at Rockefeller's urging, ran out of cash just as Carey took office. To save the state's credit—and housing developments already ailing—Carey had to persuade the legislature to bail out U.D.C. temporarily while he bargained with reluctant bankers to get new underwriting. He also staved off financial disaster in the New York City transit system with an extra infusion of state money. These and other problems, says Carey, have produced a routine of "one day of crisis, one day of planning, one day of crisis." Without some economies and new taxes, the administration estimates that the state's \$10.4 billion budget will be about \$550 million in the red during the fiscal year that started last week. The new Governor insists, in his friendly way, that "the times of plenty, the days of wine and roses, are over."

**OKLAHOMA'S DAVID BOREN.** The new Democratic Governor is doing just what he promised: pruning and reorganizing government. He campaigned with a broom, and now he is using it vigorously. An amiable 200-pounder who looks like a plodder but who moves fast when he has to, Boren, 33, put the Governor's airplane up for sale, trimmed the size of his executive staff, refused to take a \$7,500 salary increase (from his current \$35,000) and persuaded other officials to give up their legislated raises. Boren also demanded and got bills requiring tougher prosecution of fathers who desert their families and compelling welfare mothers to register for work. He is taking the novel step of making sure that appropriation bills for government agencies include a provision citing the maximum number of employees permitted in each agency. "There's no more important issue than holding the line on government spending," says Boren, designing a state budget of more than \$1.5 billion for fiscal 1976, with a projected surplus as high as \$140 million. "If we can stop spending dead in its tracks, it will be tremendous. It's wiping out the middle class."

**MAINE'S JAMES LONGLEY.** Just after he was inaugurated, Longley, 50, locked every door leading to his office except one. He then sawed off the top half of that one and locked the bottom half, expecting that visitors would look inside but not enter. Elected as a political independent who would bring efficiency to an increasingly destitute state, Longley launched his closed-door policy to make the point that lobbyists with big-spending notions were no longer welcome. He has sharply trimmed the budget requests of every government department and asked the legislature to consolidate several top administration jobs. But his problem is that he cannot contain his indignation. He infuriated members of both parties when he called a legislator a "common pimp." He also referred to opponents as "criminals" and declared that "it is the professional politicians who prostitute the system." By displaying his pique, he

has impaired his cost-cutting program, even though most politicians agree with it.

**COLORADO'S RICHARD LAMM.** Coloradans were braced for a flood of legislation to protect the environment when Democrat Lamm, 39, was elected. But the onslaught never came. Lamm has been too busy trying to protect the state's surplus, which for fiscal 1976 has dwindled from an anticipated \$80 million to a mere \$11 million; the total budget is \$1.8 billion. Lamm has upset the state's teachers by increasing the educational budget less than his Republican predecessor did last year. To provide tax relief, especially for the poor, he has proposed a general income tax cut and elimination of the sales tax on food. This revenue loss would be offset by a 1½% boost in the state corporate tax and a new tax on mining operations. For economic reasons, the once corrupt Lamm has only cautiously advanced his education, health and welfare proposals. "He has always been a person in the forefront of causes," says Senate Democratic Leader Raymond Kogovsek. "All of a sudden, he has to be an administrator—a boat stealer instead of a boat rocker."

## THE NATION

that more government will make it better. It might make it worse. The interventionism that we've seen in our society is analogous to Viet Nam. With our money, power and genius, we thought that we could make the people over there be like us. Then we did the same thing to our cities. When problems don't go away, we escalate the attack until someone gives up. I'm rethinking some of that escalatory social interventionism. Inaction may be the highest form of action."

As a gesture to keep state employees from acting more than they have to, he has even stopped the practice of giving them free attaché cases (savings: \$153,355 a year). Says Brown: "Too often I find that the volume of paper expands to fill the available briefcases."

To instill a new spirit in jaded government, Brown has made most of his appointments outside the political parties. Many of his appointees are associates from environmental or antiwar crusades. Prominent among them are blacks, Mexican Americans and women. Claire Dedrick, 44, secretary of resources, was a vice president of the Sierra Club. The secretary of health and welfare, Mario Obledo, 42, a former Harvard law instructor, was once on welfare.

**Making Enemies.** Pollster Mervin Field recently found that 86% of Californians expect that Brown will do either a good or at least a fair job in office. Brown is attempting to forge a new constituency that will cut across traditional liberal-conservative lines and gather support from both ends of the political spectrum. He aims to attract people who are discontented with the established institutions of business, labor and government, and who are moved by his calls for a return to individual initiative.

But Brown is rapidly making enemies among special interest groups and in the Democratic-controlled legislature. A top California Democratic organizer calls him "a cleaned-up George Wallace." In fact, Brown's anti-Establishment stance is not too far removed from Wallace's attacks on "pointy-headed" bureaucrats, though Brown is more cerebral and lacks the Alabama's folk venom. The California Governor is not so much concerned with the "little man" as with Everyman. With a slight twist on Spiro Agnew's "rad-libs," Brown's supporters might be called "rad-cons."

For the moment, the talk of last fall that he might run for President has died down. Asked about his presidential ambitions, he replied: "Are you kidding? I think even the governorship is a pain in the ass." Politics is obviously not the Governor's overriding interest, and for that reason he may prove to be less than a skilled politician. Still in the seminary in many ways, he argues that "government isn't a religion. It shouldn't be treated as such. It's not God; it's humans, fallible people, feathering their nest most of the time."

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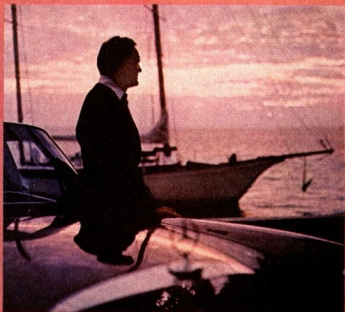
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## MIDDLE EAST

# Egypt's 'Diplomatic Pre-Emptive Strike'

By most rules of diplomatic logic, the assassination of Saudi Arabia's King Faisal and the collapse of U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's latest efforts at shuttle diplomacy (TIME, April 7) should have led to a period of drift in the Middle East and perhaps of rising tensions. Instead, thanks to an unexpected move by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, the next three months might still see some progress toward a second-stage disengagement agreement between Israel and Egypt.

In what some Israeli officials referred to as a "diplomatic pre-emptive strike," Sadat announced that despite Kissinger's failure, Egypt would reopen the Suez Canal to foreign shipping on June 5, the eighth anniversary of its closing during the 1967 war. Sadat's declaration drew a cool response from the Israelis. "It means nothing to Israel," snapped Premier Yitzhak Rabin, since the Egyptian leader declared that Israeli cargoes could not be transported, even in ships of neutral nations, through the reopened waterway.

In effect, Sadat had converted what could have been a serious policy defeat for Egypt into a diplomatic success. He had risked his reputation in the Arab world by cooperating so strenuously with Kissinger's efforts to achieve another disengagement agreement, which would have included a further Israeli withdrawal in the Sinai. The failure of Kissinger's mission had at first seemed a victory for radical Arab leaders.

**Breathing Space.** At the same time as he announced that the canal would be reopened—in fact, Egyptian naval vessels have been sailing through the Suez for several weeks—Sadat agreed to extend the mandate of the U.N. peace-keeping force in the Sinai at least until July, a shorter extension than Washington had hoped for, but enough to give U.S. diplomats a little breathing space. Among other things, Sadat's maneuver 1) put pressure on the Syrians to renew their own U.N. mandate on the Golan Heights, which expires May 30; 2) strengthened his support in Western Europe; 3) pleased Moscow and thereby served to encourage the Soviets to supply Egypt with more military aid; 4) made Sadat seem conciliatory while tightening the screws on Israel to make concessions; and 5) may even, in the view of some diplomats, have opened the door for another round of Kissinger-style phased negotiation at some time in the future.

Like other Arab leaders, Syria's President Hafez Assad acknowledged

Sadat's initiative as a clever ploy that would put Israel on the defensive and perhaps even contribute to a straining of the U.S.-Israeli relationship. On the other hand, Assad was characteristically leary of any Egyptian action that might reduce tension in the Middle East without at the same time leading toward a settlement between Syria and Israel. Not that the Syrian President is necessarily opposed to bilateral negotiations when they serve his purpose. He even suggested to Kissinger last month that if there should be progress between Egypt and Israel, the Secretary might care to return in May for a Syrian-Israeli shuttle.

**All-Round Settlement.** Publicly, Assad has always favored a resumed Geneva Conference as the best route toward an all-round settlement. Sadat does not oppose a Geneva Conference in principle, but he has hinted that Egypt is still prepared to hold further bilateral negotiations with Israel. Moreover, by implying that the conference should not be held until after the next Arab summit meeting—which is set for June—the Egyptian President has effectively delayed a reconvening of the conference until midsummer. Israel is rec-

onciled to the idea of a Geneva Conference, but is determined that the work of the conference should somehow be broken up into "bilateral contacts" so that Israel would be able to deal with one enemy and one problem at a time.

Perhaps the most serious problem



EGYPTIAN SHIP GOES THROUGH SUEZ CANAL



UNITED NATIONS OBSERVERS AT CONTROL POST IN DEMILITARIZED ZONE OF THE SINAI  
A cool response from Israel to a bold and unexpected Egyptian move.



## THE WORLD

posed by Geneva is that of Palestinian representation. At last October's Rabat summit the Arab states recognized the Palestinian Liberation Organization as the "sole and legitimate" representative of the Palestinian people. The P.L.O., however, is still ignored by the U.S. and completely rejected by the Israelis. One solution, advocated by both Egypt and Syria, would be to include P.L.O. representatives within a united Arab delegation to the conference. Last week a high-ranking Israeli diplomat suggested that his government would not object to the inclusion of the P.L.O. in a Syrian delegation. Thus a compromise on this issue may be possible.

**Arms Aid.** Meanwhile, the Israelis are waiting, with barely concealed nervousness, the outcome of a well-publicized U.S. review of its Middle East policy. The Israelis are exceedingly annoyed at the credit that Sadat is get-

ting in Washington, the reassessment of U.S. policy was being carried out under the direction of Joseph Sisco, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs and Kissinger's principal deputy on Middle Eastern affairs. In addition, Kissinger held discussions with a group of prominent public figures, many of them former high Government officials, to get advice on how to advance Middle East negotiations toward a settlement after the disappointing failure of his shuttle diplomacy. The participants in the talks included former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, former Under Secretary of State George Ball and former Ambassador Averell Harriman.

According to one State Department expert, the Administration was clearly hoping that the three-week policy study—which is concerned with the questions of how much U.S. aid is necessary and whether or not it is in the nation's best

for instance, the Administration might delay shipment of two advanced U.S. weapons systems, the 170-mile-range Lance missile and the F-15 fighter aircraft, both of which the Israelis are urgently seeking.

The success or failure of any further peace talks in the Middle East depends in part upon the new rulers of Saudi Arabia, bankers to Egypt, Syria and the P.L.O. Last week King Khalid indicated that he intends to follow the moderate, pro-Western policies of the assassinated King Faisal. As expected, Crown Prince Fahd, the strongest man in the new government, became First Deputy Premier (Khalid himself holds the premiership). Next in line is Prince Abdullah, 53, commander of the 35,000-man National Guard (or "white army"), who became the Second Deputy Premier. Also named to the Cabinet was one of Faisal's sons, Prince Saud, 34, who became Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. A Princeton University graduate, Saud had previously served as Deputy Minister of Petroleum Affairs under Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani.

**Religious Rights.** Though it is pledged to support Faisal's policies, the new government implied that in the future Saudi Arabia might take a slightly more conciliatory attitude toward Israel. The spiritual leader of the Islamic world, King Faisal in recent years had become notably anti-Jewish as well as anti-Zionist. He often spoke of his desire to pray at the Mosque of Omar in an Arab-controlled Jerusalem, and even went so far as to deny the authenticity of the Jewish holy places there. While he did not quarrel with his father's words, Prince Saud conceded last week that the Saudis had "no objection to the rights of worship of any religion in the holy places in Jerusalem," adding: "But I hope that religious rights do not have to be based on occupation."

In the meantime, the fate of King Faisal's assassin, his nephew Prince Faisal ibn Musaed, remained undecided. At first the prince had been described as "mentally deranged." But on the day of the King's funeral, there had been a vivid sign that this judgment, which, under Koranic law, would have precluded execution, would not hold. As they bore the body of their slain father to his grave, two of Faisal's sons had worn the *agals* (braided ropes) of their white kaffiyehs draped around their necks—the Bedouin call for blood vengeance.

During the interrogation of the young prince, some of it conducted by Crown Prince Fahd, Saudi authorities concluded that the murder was the calculated act of a rational man. Last week the Interior Ministry announced that the assassin had been judged sane and would soon face trial before a *sharia* (religious law) court. A guilty verdict is a foregone conclusion; the prescribed penalty is public decapitation on a Friday following midday prayers.



SAUDI ARABIA'S KING KHALID PRESIDING OVER FIRST MEETING OF HIS CABINET IN RIYADH  
Pro-Western policies, but an uncertain fate for a royal assassin.

ting for his foreign policy initiatives, pointing out that the reopening of the Suez Canal was something he secretly promised at the time of the first disengagement talks more than a year ago. "Sadat is selling the same merchandise twice," declared a government spokesman in Jerusalem. As for their potential troubles with the U.S., Israeli officials seem to be pinning their hopes on the U.S. Congress. "It is our view," declared an aide to Premier Rabin, "that Congress will not let the President get away with punitive action against Israel." The Israelis claim that radical Arabs would interpret any reduction in U.S. aid as a sign of American weakness and a justification of their intransigent attitude toward the Jewish state. Jerusalem further insists that a strong Israel increases U.S. leverage in the Middle East.

interest—would conclude that Israel had been unjustifiably inflexible. There was a strong feeling in Washington that Sadat had had sound legal and political reasons for withholding the pledge of nonbelligerency that Israel demanded in return for major territorial concessions in the Sinai. A conclusion that Jerusalem had been too inflexible, observed this expert, would strengthen Kissinger's hand within the Administration, with Congress, and perhaps even with the Israelis in the event of another round of negotiations.

Until the policy reassessment was complete, the Administration advised Israeli Defense Minister Shimon Peres last week, he should delay his visit to Washington to discuss new arms aid. Implicit in Washington's policy review was a warning to Israel that U.S. military aid might be somewhat curtailed;

## Sadat: Keeping Some Options Open

In a 90-minute interview with TIME's Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn last week, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat indicated his willingness—under certain conditions—to renew the mandate of the United Nations peace-keeping force for longer than three months and to consider allowing nonstrategic Israeli cargoes to transit the reopened Suez Canal. Excerpts:

**ON THE U.N. PEACE-KEEPING FORCE.** I had already agreed during my negotiations with Kissinger to extend the mandate of the United Nations force for one year instead of six months on condition that the disengagement agreement be fulfilled and the Israelis pull back. But after the Israeli rejection, that is past tense. I have made it three months because I want to send a message to the U.S. and the world, an urgent message. But at the end of three months, I will be ready to reconsider my decision if the peace process is being pushed and the momentum maintained.

**ON REOPENING THE SUEZ CANAL.** There is a [security] problem, but to show my peaceful intentions and to ease the situation for our friends all over the world—Western Europe, Africa and Asia—for world prosperity and for our own benefit, I am ready to take this risk and protect the canal. According to the Constantinople Treaty of 1888, if there is a state of belligerency between Egypt and any other country, that country is not permitted to use the canal. Even if [the Israelis] ask for their cargoes to pass through in other flagships, we have the full legal right to prevent it. But when the canal is opened it will depend on the conduct of Israel whether their nonstrategic cargoes will be allowed to transit the canal.

**ON EGYPT'S REFUSAL TO SIGN A NONBELLIGERENCY AGREEMENT.** We were ready to accept a text committing us not to resort to the use of force during the peace process. The difference between this and nonbelligerency is that if I had agreed to the latter while part of my land and other Arab land is occupied it would mean I am inviting the occupiers to stay. But agreeing not to resort to force during the peace process means we would continue to push the peace process to a final solution.

**ON THE GENEVA CONFERENCE.** I do not want the Geneva Conference to reach a stalemate as a result of polarization. It could happen; even Israel predicts it. But we seriously want to reach peace, and so I have

made my suggestion that Western European countries like Britain and France and perhaps some Third World countries be invited. We want to get away from a situation in which the Soviets seem to back the Arabs and the Americans seem to back Israel and we reach a stalemate. With others invited, we get away from the cold war. I am also asking that Jordan and Lebanon participate. They are states in confrontation with Israel. We need them, because we are working for a lasting peace in the area.

**ON PARTICIPATION OF THE PALESTINE LIBERATION ORGANIZATION.** Having them represented [at Geneva] by an Arab League delegation is a possibility. I am trying

stationing of a U.N. contingent on both sides of the borders. I don't agree to joint [Israeli-Egyptian] patrols, but I would accept some kind of mixed commissions under U.N. auspices, to meet from time to time. I agree to certain demilitarized zones, but on condition it be reciprocal.

**ON THE U.S. ROLE.** We do not ask America to be on our side, nor do we ask America to drop Israel. We know that in the U.S. you have certain special relations with Israel. But one question that must be clarified, to us, to Israel and to the whole world: Is the U.S. protecting Israel within its borders or is it also protecting Israel in its gains of others' lands? From our side, we have no objection at all that America protect Israel within its borders, even to the extent of providing every Israeli with a tank and an airplane. But I think

EDDIE ADAMS



EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT IN REFLECTIVE MOOD

several approaches so that we won't come to a standstill. But finally the formula must be agreed on by the Palestinians. Until now I have no answer from them.

**ON THE GENEVA AGENDA.** There will be no peace so long as there is occupation. Because this is a fact, I don't believe we will be discussing withdrawal from the occupied territories. We may discuss a timetable but not the principle of withdrawal itself. This is taken for granted. The conference should concern itself mainly with mutual security questions. I need guarantees more than Israel does, and I am ready to accept them from whatever body can offer them, whether it's the two superpowers, the four powers, the five powers [including China] or the U.N. Security Council. We might discuss

the time has come that the U.S. should understand its interest and its friendships in the area and should take an objective look.

**ON CHANCES OF AN ARMS-LIMITATION AGREEMENT.** I quite agree to this theory on one condition: that Israel must fulfill before everything else its obligations under [Security Council] Resolution 242 and withdraw from all Arab territory. At that moment we would be on an equal basis and at that moment I will be willing to accept such a proposal. But now there is a very dangerous situation in which the [military] balance is completely in favor of Israel while at the same time they occupy Arab land.

**ON THE NUCLEAR NONPROLIFERATION TREATY.** I would be willing to ratify it if Israel does.

# Chiang Kai-shek: Death of the Casualty

In the early 1940s, at the height of the Japanese invasion of China, Chiang Kai-shek wrote a book about China's past "humiliation" and future "reconstruction." He titled it *China's Destiny*, but Chiang might have called it *My Destiny*. He saw little distinction between his own fate and that of the giant, sprawling, poverty-stricken land that he ruled for just over 20 years. All his life, the lean and ambitious soldier fought bravely, though in the end vainly, to shape history to his personal specifications. When he died of a heart attack last week at the age of 87 in his exile capital of Taipei, he was still clinging to the sacred fiction that it was he and nobody else who was the legitimate father of all of modern China. His death could hardly have been more dramatically timed. To Chiang, the rout of anti-Communist forces in Indochina must have seemed the inevitable continuation of the long and losing Asian struggle against Communism, in which he was the principal casualty.

Clear-eyed, strong-jawed, supremely self-assured, Chiang Kai-shek (the name means "firm rock") was one of the century's major figures. As a revolutionary and ardent nationalist, he had an epic career embracing both triumph and tragedy. Sixty years of his life were consumed by bitter uphill struggles: first against the crumbling Manchu dynasty, then against the warlords who flourished in its ruins, next against invaders from imperial Japan and finally against the Communist peasant army that foreclosed his dream of dominance in China and chased him to an unhappy exile on Taiwan.

Paradoxically, the generalissimo cast a longer shadow on the century than on China itself. At the peak of his international prestige, he was a smiling, greatcoated member of the wartime Big Four, along with Roosevelt (his great champion in the West), Stalin and Churchill. He was a founder of the United Nations, gaining for China a permanent seat on the Security Council. It was in America that his image was most exalted. "To American eyes," said Churchill, "he was one of the dominant forces in the world. He was the champion of 'the new Asia.'" But when he failed to live up to his image as China's man of destiny, and the new Asia so ardently expected by Americans failed to materialize, Chiang found himself abandoned by the Truman Administration. That placed Chiang at the center of an unhappy chapter in postwar U.S. history: the hate-filled witch hunt for those who "lost China."

In fact, China was never really "lost"; it had never been won. The U.S. tended to see Chiang's China as a unified nation with an effective central government, even idealizing it as a breeding ground for an American-

style democracy. But it was none of these. Just before his death, Sun Yat-sen had described China as "a heap of loose sand." Chiang Kai-shek tried to build on that sand the foundations of a modern and united country. But during Chiang's entire tenure as China's leader, the country remained beset by outside aggression, deep internal divisions, corruption and inefficiency in Chiang's ruling party and, not least, his intractable insistence on shortsighted, ineffective policies.

The Communists, who have now ruled longer than he, succeeded precisely where Chiang failed. The generalissimo never completely freed himself from the militarists and the feudal landlords who stood in the way of fundamental reforms. The Communists, on the other hand, swept the past away. But their accomplishment came only at incalculable social and personal cost, and even they, after 26 years of rule, have not solved all the problems of lack of stability and cohesion that have historically plagued China.

In reunifying China after more than a decade of debilitating fragmentation, Chiang performed a critical service for the nation, one that paved the way for greater centralization under the Communists. But in the final analysis, given the scope of his problems, it is not surprising that he was unable to construct a durable political system. "In great things," Erasmus once wrote, "it is enough to have tried." Chiang's try was on a grand scale. His failure in the end diminishes but should not obscure his historical importance.

Born the son of a small-town salt merchant in Chekiang province on China's central coast, Chiang trained as a soldier, spoke like a revolutionary, and seemed destined for power. His climb began with an introduction, through a friend, to Sun Yat-sen, the zealous revolutionary whose nationalistic movement brought down the already doddering Manchu empire in 1911. Cadet Chiang, a 24-year-old student at a military school in Japan, rushed home to join Sun's fledgling revolution. Chiang rose steadily through the military ranks of Sun's Canton-based Kuomintang (Nationalist Party). At 31, he was a general—and a powerful figure in his own right.

Sun died in 1925, and Chiang soon took command of the Kuomintang. Over the next two years he led his armies on a brilliant series of campaigns against the warlords that resulted in a precariously unified nation. Despite his ardent opposition to Communism, Chiang at first collaborated with the vigorous fledgling Chinese Communist Party and its Soviet advisers; but with the work of reunification well advanced, he turned against the Communists, executing thousands and driving others out of the new national government. Among those he shunted aside was the head of Kuomintang propaganda, a firebrand named Mao Tse-tung. In the

Left: Wedding portrait of Chiang Kai-shek and his bride, the former Soong Mei-ling, 1927. Above: Chiang giving speech, 1936. Below: The Chiangs at ancestral tomb during World War II. Right: With Sun Yat-sen, 1912.





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CENTRAL NEWS



JACK WELLES—LIFE

midst of these heady successes, Chiang took a portentous step in his personal life, marrying Soong Mei-ling, a delicately beautiful, Wellesley-educated younger sister of Sun Yat-sen's widow. In doing so he put aside his first wife, the mother of his son and heir, Taiwan's current Premier Chiang Ching-kuo; he became a convert to Christianity before the wedding.

By 1928, when he was installed as head of the Nationalist government, the generalissimo's power and influence were at their crest. Even then, however, Chiang was continuously troubled by rebellious warlord generals, rival Communist governments and revolts within his own Kuomintang. When Japanese troops marched into Manchuria in 1931, the Nationalist army was already fully occupied with a series of vast, costly annihilation campaigns against the Communists' rural bases. Not until 1936 did Chiang agree to set aside the civil war and join the Communists in the fight against the Japanese invaders. His armies tied down huge numbers of enemy troops.

After the U.S. entered the war in 1941, however, the "Gimo" rarely took the offensive, even when his armies were numerically superior to the Japanese. General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell kept pressing Chiang to reorganize his army and be more aggressive. But Chiang had different priorities than his impatient American advisers; he felt it necessary to conserve his men and his Lend-Lease arms for use against the Communists after the Japanese surrender when, he foresaw, there would be an inescapable struggle for control.

Meanwhile the U.S., deeply moved by China's suffering under the Japanese onslaught, came to idolize Chiang and especially his wife. An enrapt Wendell Willkie spoke of her combination of "brains, persuasiveness and moral force . . . with wit and charm, a generous and understanding heart, a gracious and beautiful manner, and a burning conviction." Others resented her imperious will and her attempts to influence U.S. wartime strategy on Chiang's behalf. At that time the generalissimo wanted the U.S. to place less emphasis on the war against Germany and more on the fight against Japan; he sought more arms and supplies without convincing Stilwell and others that he would really take the offensive.

By the war's end, the Communists had a poorly armed though well-trained and disciplined army of 1 million, recruited largely from the peasantry. The Nationalists, with 3 million combat troops and ready access to U.S. ships and aircraft, easily won the postwar race to reoccupy the one-third of China that had been under Japanese control. Yet, three years after the start of the civil war, Chiang was a refugee on Taiwan—vowing to recover the mainland with the help of 2 million Nationalist followers who had joined him on the island.

What had happened? After launching a classic, successful guerrilla war, the Communists had consolidated their base areas in the countryside while Chiang's troops remained isolated in the cities. Meanwhile, as inflation soared and long-delayed reforms did not materialize, popular support of the Nationalists vanished. Basically, Chiang and his Kuomintang had



Left: General Chiang on horseback, 1933. Center: Receiving Medal of Legion of Merit from Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell on behalf of U.S. Government in Chungking, 1943. Below: Reading during closing session of National Assembly in Taipei, April 1972. Right: With Mao Tse-tung (right) in Chungking, 1945.

failed to address themselves to the essential problems of China: rural poverty, illiteracy, unjust taxation, usury and excessive land rents. His idea of revolution was a conservative one: the New Life Movement, which sought to revive filial piety and other Confucian virtues, appealed only to the established minority. Mao's revolution, promising land reform and a total upheaval of the old system, attracted millions.

Chiang's supporters in the U.S. blamed his defeat on the Truman Administration, which had rejected the Gimo's appeals for a massive increase in U.S. aid after the war and cut off support entirely after the Nationalists' flight to Taiwan. The flow resumed six months later at the outbreak of the Korean War, reaching a total of \$4 billion before it was finally ended in 1965; Washington regarded Chiang as an important ally in the U.S. efforts to contain Communism in Asia.

On Taiwan, the fleeing Nationalists did a better job economically than politically. They thwarted Taiwanese aspirations for self-rule. But land reform, followed by a successful drive to attract foreign capital, has transformed Taiwan into Asia's second fastest growing state, after Japan.

As he became older, Chiang turned many of the details of government over to his son Chiang Ching-kuo, now 64. Since being named Premier in 1972, the son has taken effective control of the government. Tough and practical-minded, he has cracked down on corruption within his father's old guard and has opened higher positions within the Kuomintang's hierarchy to Taiwanese. He has quietly shelved his father's quixotic crusade for retaking the mainland, insisting instead that the people of China will some day rise up and overthrow the Communists. Former President Nixon's 1972 journey to Peking produced dismay and anxiety on Taiwan. Since then, U.S.-Taiwan relations have stabilized; they are courteous, if not quite so close as before. For his part, Chiang Ching-kuo is relieved that Washington shows no present inclination to meet Peking's demand that the U.S. sever diplomatic ties with Taipei.

The generalissimo, in severely declining health, did not even appear in public during the final two years of his life. But until the end, Chiang held the title of President of the Republic of China, insisting that he was the sole legitimate ruler of the entire country. Even after Taiwan's expulsion from the U.N. in 1971, Chiang rejected all attempts at compromise. As long as he was alive, recovery of the mainland stood, in his words, as "the inalterable national purpose." As the world embarked on the quest for a new relationship with his enemy in Peking, Chiang never budged. And thus, the world simply had to step around him.





ALEXANDER SHELEPIN IN LONDON

## BRITAIN

## Unwanted Guest

YOU'RE NOT WELCOME, COMRADE, read the headline in the London *Daily Mail*. Just in case the visitor failed to get the message, the paper repeated it in Russian: *МЫ ВАС НЕ ХОТИМ*, TOBAPHIII. The comrade was Politburo Member Alexander Shelepin, whose 48-hour visit to Britain last week mortified the Labor government, embarrassed the trade unions, and stirred unexpectedly deep reserves of anti-Communist feeling among the British public.

The outcry actually began last February when news leaked out that Shelepin would head a Soviet delegation invited by Britain's Trades Union Congress. The Kremlin could scarcely have chosen a less suitable delegate. Shelepin is not only head of the impotent trade union organization in the Soviet Union—where strikes are illegal and workers are notoriously without genuine representation—but is also a former chief of the KGB, the dreaded Soviet secret police, which he ran from 1958 to 1961. Declared Frank Chapple, head of Britain's electrical and plumbing union: "The only experience Shelepin has of workers is putting them in jail."

**Milk Cartons.** Despite the protests, T.U.C. General Secretary Len Murray refused to rescind the invitation. To keep potential demonstrators off balance, the T.U.C. would not disclose when Shelepin's Aeroflot jet would arrive or where he would go. Worried that the Soviet labor leader might be attacked or even assassinated, security agents later dispatched a stand-in resembling the short, heavy-set Russian in a decoy Daimler limousine. He took the brunt of a barrage of umbrellas, milk cartons, bricks and Passover cookies, as the real Shelepin slipped into T.U.C. headquarters through the tradesmen's entrance.

Fearful of possible rioting, T.U.C. officials whisked their controversial guest to Scotland. During a tour of Kilmarnock, Shelepin fleetingly made contact with a real, live British auto work-

er, producing a less-than-historic exchange. "Is your lunch hour long enough?" inquired the Russian through an interpreter. "It's all right," the worker replied.

Shelepin hastily summoned reporters to Prestwick Airport as he prepared to leave. He claimed that the demonstrations against him "did not reflect the interests of the English working class and its unions." He blamed the protests on the Jews. Contending that the U.S.S.R. had fought World War II for the sake of Jews, he charged that they are now "ungrateful enemies of détente." In fact, most demonstrators were Protestant Britons or Roman Catholic and Orthodox Christian refugees.

Although actively in pursuit of détente, Britain was discomfited by Shelepin's presence, even though he is widely regarded as a contender for Leonid Brezhnev's job when the Soviet party chief retires. As for the T.U.C., it defended the bungled visit in a statement claiming that the trip had led to "constructive conversations held in a friendly atmosphere."

## COMMON MARKET

## Grapes of Wrath

"A state of revolt reigns in the south of France," warned Emmanuel Maffre-Baugé, president of the French Table Wine Association. "There are grapes of wrath in the Midi." Not only there. In the Mediterranean port of Sete, 30,000 irate French farmers rioted, protesting imports of Italian wine. In the Sicilian town of Marsala, schools were closed, anti-French demonstrations broke out in public squares, and local unions called for a general strike of the area's 20,000 workers. From Marseille to Perpignan near the Spanish border, French growers, meanwhile, set up roadblocks of burning tires to halt the influx of hated Italian *vino* by truck. Italians threatened to retaliate by stopping yearly imports of 2.8 million gal. of French champagne, plus cereals and meat.

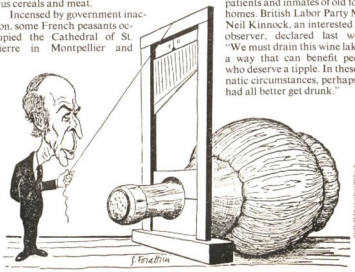
Incensed by government inaction, some French peasants occupied the Cathedral of St. Pierre in Montpellier and

hoisted a separatist flag, consisting of a cross on a wine red field. A group of French commandos broke into warehouses in Marseille and destroyed 450,000 gal. of Italian wine. Countless other barrels were sloshed into the Canal du Midi at Béziers, in a Gallic version of the Boston Tea Party.

All these skirmishes were part of what Europeans call the Great Franco-Italian Wine War. The *casus belli* is a glut of *gros rouge*, the rough red wine that is the lifeblood of most Mediterranean and a mainstay of France and Italy's agricultural economy. A bumper harvest last year helped to create a Common Market surplus of 2.6 billion gal. At the same time, French consumers have been cutting back at the rate of one bottle a head; consumption dropped from a total of 1.3 billion gal. in 1973 to a mere 1.2 billion in 1974. Complains one French grower: "Young people are not drinking wine like before."

The French are enraged by the massive flow into France of cheap Italian wine. Imports of Italian wine peaked at 50.2 million gal. in the first two months of 1975, compared to 76.5 million for the crop year of 1973-74. "Unfair competition!" cried Maffre-Baugé. "Italian wine production is a mess like everything else in that country. They can change white into red, add chemicals and call it wine." Last month the French government ordered a four-week boycott of Italian wine. Italy protested to the Common Market in Brussels, charging France with violating the principle of free circulation of goods.

**Lake of Wine.** Next week the Common Market agriculture ministers will meet to discuss ways of siphoning off the surplus wine that now threatens to engulf all Southern Europe. One solution is to distill it into alcohol for industrial purposes—an expensive process that would require unpopular subsidies by all Common Market nations. Another proposal: sell it to the Soviet Union, which is willing to buy up to 26.4 million gal. at rock-bottom prices. A third solution: give some of the excess to soldiers, hospital patients and inmates of old folks' homes. British Labor Party M.P. Neil Kinnock, an interested LEC observer, declared last week, "We must drain this wine lake in a way that can benefit people who deserve a tippie. In these lunatic circumstances, perhaps we had all better get drunk."





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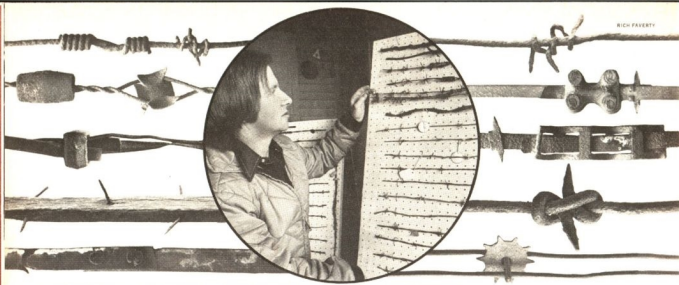


**Saturday April 19, Sunday April 20 on ABC-TV**

(check local listing for time)



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FARMER JOHN WAGNER OF SANDWICH, ILL., WITH SAMPLES FROM HIS 500-PIECE COLLECTION OF BARBED WIRE

## MODERN LIVING

## The Barbarians

A Chicago businessman charts a plane to fly over Texas ranch land while he scans the ground through binoculars, looking for valuable samples. A Fort Scott, Kans., man fights off hissing rattlesnakes on his farm to recover a small piece. A tourist from Camdenton, Mo., wanders through a live minefield in Israel intently snipping specimens. All of these "barbarians," as they call themselves, are hooked on one of the more unlikely but fast-growing hobbies in the U.S.: barbed-wire collecting.

Lured by the dubious romance of the rusty wire, some 65,000 collectors are now in the field, many of them members of one of the two dozen local, state or regional barbed-wire associations. The Barbed Wire Association of La Crosse, Kans., has crowned a Miss Barbed Wire and sponsors a world championship barbed-wire splicing contest.

**Wide Variety.** To the uninitiated, barbed wire is, well, barbed wire. But collectors know that there are some 1,500 varieties of the metal fencing, used for over a century to keep cattle from destroying farm lands. Early manufacturers created a wide variety of prongs, pricklers, stickers and other barbs. An expert can easily distinguish a brand known as the Dodge Rowell from, say, Hunt's Double Plate Lock Link. Prices vary according to the age, condition and variety of the wire, and range from giveaways to more than \$100 for an 18-in. segment. Rare varieties like the Hunt could go for \$1,000 and up.

Barbed-wire buffs often rationalize their pastime by insisting that it gives them a sense of American history. Says Edward Mulcrone, a collector from Hometown, Ill.: "I wish every piece could tell me what it's gone through."

Says John Wagner, a farmer from Sandwich, Ill.: "I didn't think it would take very long to get all the kinds there are." Now, seven years later, Wagner has acquired 500 pieces, and is still collecting.

De Kalb, Ill., which was a major manufacturing center for barbed wire in the late 1800s, is a favorite hunting ground. Armed with metal detectors, collectors forage through old farm land, overgrown ravines and even garbage dumps. Most obey a strict credo: ask permission before snipping a barb, and splice new wire in its place.

The less adventurous swap barbs by mail, using lists and catalogues published by barbed-wire associations. Hollis Gordon, a retired welder from Independence, Mo., wrote to government leaders in foreign countries. His collection includes strips from Korea, Nationalist China and a specimen used in France during World War I.

As the number of collectors began to multiply, Bill Sloan, a rancher from Saginaw, Texas, decided that he could profit from the hobby. He began by selling \$5 barbed bracelets, then abandoned that scheme when he received barbed remarks from women with knit dresses. But he has sold 14,000 sets of six swizzle sticks (\$12.50) fashioned out of 24-karat, gold-plated barbed wire.

## Coed Living for Adults

*Wanted: Congenial male roommate to share 3-bdrm., 2½-bth town house with divorcee and 2 children. You get master bdrm., bath and privacy. Dtrs. 150 a month includes util. Peachtree industrial area. Call after 5. Refs. required.*

Donna Valentine, 28, lives with her nine-year-old daughter and four-year-old son in a town house in suburban At-

lanta. Her income from child support and her job as a sales coordinator at a construction supply company total less than \$500 a month. The town house rents for \$300, and she needs someone to share the expense. "I just think this is the logical thing," said Donna about advertising for a male roommate. "Most of the women I know are dependent, jealous and competitive. I just prefer to have a man around." In San Francisco, Jim Cole, 27, a divorced project engineer, interviewed both male and female prospective roommates before selecting Lori Rock, 21. "In the past, men roommates have stepped on my toes," he explained. "The male-female arrangement blends and overlaps. I don't want an involvement, and the primary advantage is the sharing of expenses."

**Divided Chores.** Cynics may sneer that a platonic relationship between young men and women is impossible. Yet Valentine and Cole are just two of an increasing number of people who insist that coed, companionable but nonsexual apartment sharing is possible and practical. Reports Joel Kaplan, who runs Washington's The Roommate Exchange: "For people between 21 and 35, there are very few now who won't at least consider a coed-living situation."

Many young people slip easily into the new life-style; they have been conditioned by coed collegiate dorms. Women alarmed by the rising crime rate feel more secure with a male housemate. Many divorcees with children welcome a masculine influence in the house. Men like the arrangement because they feel that the single life is often lonely and depressing, and they—especially divorced men—want the support of someone to come home to without the squabbles and tensions of marriage.

Agencies that help find coed room-

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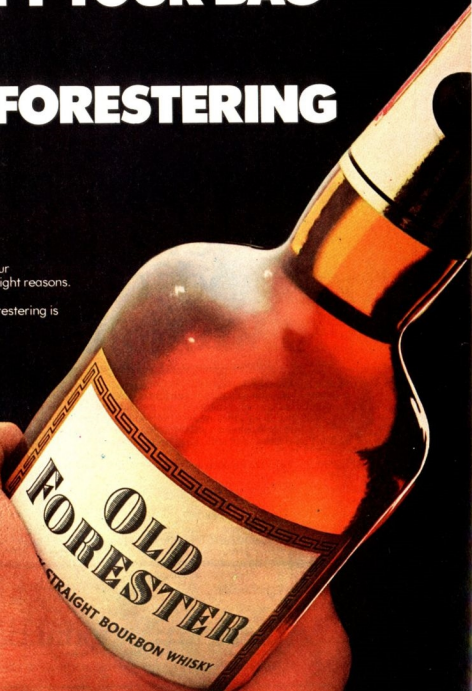
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# WHEN CROWN ROYAL ISN'T YOUR BAG

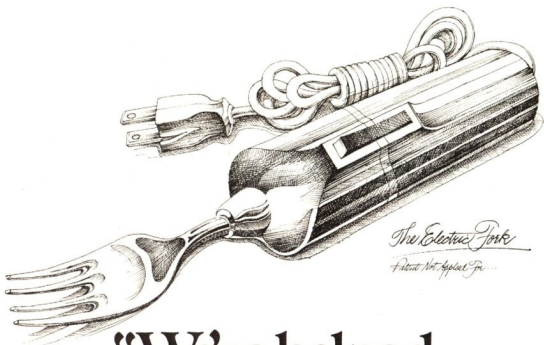
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ROOMMATES IN CALIFORNIA  
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mates make it clear to applicants that rent and chores are divided, and partners have separate bedrooms. "With the woman paying half the rent, sex privileges are not included," says Peggy Beltran of Housemates, Unlimited, in Hollywood. Beltran advises that both parties state house rules plainly before they move in together. Still, coed living can undermine the partners' social lives. "If a guy and a girl are living together, even if there is nothing sexual between them, it's not so unusual for the guy to be watching TV in the living room in his Jockey shorts," says Joel Kaplan. "If the girl comes in with her boy friend, the boy friend is probably going to think there is something between the roommates." Occasionally there has been. But usually the partners date other people.

**Sexual Stereotypes.** Coed living does not spell the end of sexual stereotypes. Women complain that they get stuck with a larger share of housework. But both sexes admit that they keep their rooms neater than they would living alone. Says a Manhattan male who is sharing his apartment with a divorcee: "I guess it's a matter of pride."

Some women seeking help through Washington's Roommates Preferred are taken aback when Owner Betsy Neal suggests that they go coed. "But once they try it," says Neal, "they almost invariably like it." That was the experience of Lorraine, a Los Angeles divorcee who shares a home in Beverly Hills with Alan, a salesman. "So many people I know are lonely," she says. "I have a balanced, busy life this way." Lorraine and Alan sometimes double-date. Occasionally Alan reads comic books to her son. He finds that the arrangement enables him to live a "more solid, home-based life." Both want to get married eventually—to someone else.

## Teilhard in the Trenches

In August 1915, a Catholic priest serving as a lowly stretcher-bearer with a French infantry regiment was cited for displaying "the greatest self-sacrifice and contempt for danger" during a ruinous battle. But there is no mention of the honor in the cheap school notebook in which, during the same week, the priest began keeping a diary "to force myself to think, to observe, to be precise."

By the end of World War I, those knapsack-carried notebooks of Father Pierre Teilhard de Chardin contained the essence of many innovative theories, including his central concept of human evolution progressing toward an "Omega point," an ultimate unity in Christ. When elaborated upon in later writings, these ideas proved so unsettling that church officials forbade him to publish them. As a result, during his lifetime Teilhard was celebrated only as a paleontologist who worked on the Peking man discovery. It was not until after his death 20 years ago this week that his philosophical works (among them: *The Phenomenon of Man, Christianity and Evolution*) were printed, and he became a popular cult figure in theology.

**Break a Shell.** Teilhard's diary remained unpublished even longer, partly because his Jesuit colleagues were embarrassed about his ecclesiastical candor (e.g., a complaint about the church's "egoism, cultivated idleness, ridiculous self-satisfaction"). Only in 1971 did the Teilhard family agree to publication of the notebooks. The first of two volumes will appear in Paris next month. The intimate, unguarded diary, which fleshes out the previously released wartime essays and letters to his cousin, will be essential reading for Teilhard aficionados.

To Corporal Teilhard, the war was a "baptism in reality." The theological musings in the diary amount to a rough draft of *The Divine Milieu*, the 1926-27 treatise (finally published in 1957) in which Teilhard formally set out his view of God as a "center" who "fills the whole sphere" of creation. Despite his disclaimers, the church found this idea dangerously akin to pantheism, the idea that God and the universe are identical. A comment on the last day of July 1916 summarizes his lifelong attempt to reconcile Catholicism and modern science: "My mission = very humbly but ceaselessly to take part in sanctifying natural progress, evolution, by revealing ... its sacred end." On the day after Christmas 1917, he wrote: "We are going over a threshold in the history of dogma—we must break a shell, the shell of complacent belief in the possession of a universal explanation of the world."

The diary reveals a striking view of sex, little discussed in his formal writings. A characteristically dense entry

of Feb. 8, 1916 stated: "Just as speech was born by the unexpected use of organs being bent to emit articulated sounds—but originally formed for different ends—so, perhaps the love-liaison with God on which the mystical body's cohesion rests, is the fortuitous, secondary use of a passion-subjected temperament." Put more directly in another passage, this meant that "for a man, God must be loved through woman by using her."

The first pages of the diary read like the usual soldier's notebook, but for much of the rest, the wretched drudgery of rescuing bodies, dead and half-living, is unmentioned. In fact, Teilhard's cosmic philosophy had the disconcerting result of making the horror of war almost benign. On Sept. 21, 1917, he wrote



TEILHARD (RIGHT) AT THE FRONT  
"A baptism in reality."

that warfare creates "a certain super-human atmosphere where life takes on an interest out of proportion with the preoccupations of ordinary existence."

It was typical of Teilhard's evolutionary optimism that he could find virtue even in human combat. "Through the present war," he wrote, "we have really progressed in civilization. To each phase of the world's development there corresponds a certain new profundness of evil ... which integrates with the growing free energy for good."

## Waiting for Gill

The south side of Flint, Mich., is a patchwork of auto factories, union halls, corner taverns and conventional churches. Yet in this prosaic setting has arisen in recent years a belief as startling as anything cult-filled California has to offer. The unlikely focus of the new faith is Bernard Gill, for 13 years a



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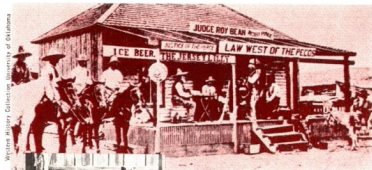
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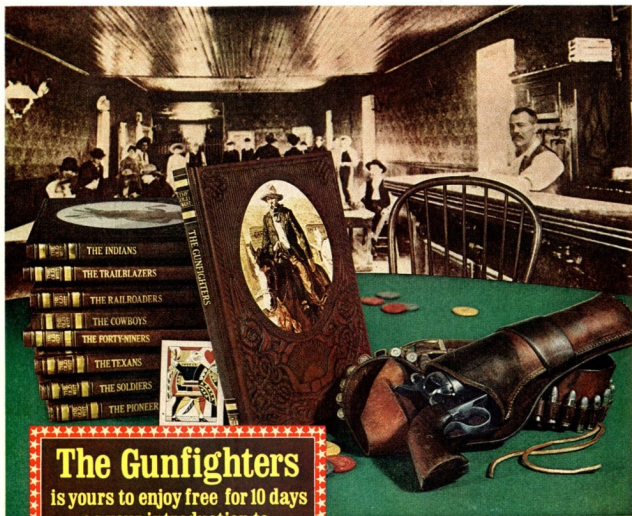


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# The answer is Audi

respected clergyman in the Church of the Nazarene. Fed up with "promotion, programs, plans," he searched for a fiercer, purer form of Fundamentalism. Seven years ago, at 43, he quit the Nazarenes and with a handful of parishioners established the independent Colonial Village Church.

Soon, however, ordinary Fundamentalism was left far behind. Gill began walking the streets of Flint each morning, pausing in front of every house to pray for a religious revival. Thousands of times he prayed, "My God, why is there no prophet in this land?" Eventually the answer came: Gill himself was the prophet of the biblical "latter rain" who would prepare the way for Christ's Second Coming. Gill got his first direct messages from God in February 1971, when "I felt his words moving through my mind." To keep them moving, Gill fasted for days at a time. He also took to waking up in the middle of the night for prayer, after which he would lie next to a stack of three-by-five cards and write down God's messages.

**Second Witness.** It was difficult to be a prophet as well as pastor, husband and father of five. Gill announced that God had therefore provided a second "witness," as described in *Revelation 11*, in the person of Mrs. Mescal McIntosh, then 45, one of his parishioners. Gill began putting questions to God via McIntosh and invited church members to do the same. Instead of "feeling" the words as Gill did, McIntosh actually heard the voice of God, who, she said, "would just instantly dictate an answer as though he were on the telephone." About 40 of the faithful had left, charging heresy. Those who remained were spellbound. Many began to receive their own dreams and visions, which Gill interpreted, Daniel-style.

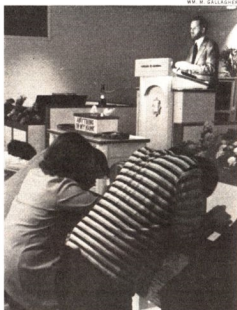
Meanwhile Gill was busy directing the lives of his flock: women's skirts must be below the knee and men must grow beards. Gill also came to see Henry Kissinger as the Antichrist because he was a powerful man whose actions affected the fate of Israel, and he sent such fiery spiritual threats in telegrams to President Nixon that the Secret Service paid him a visit. Local clergy inquired quietly about Gill's sanity.

By last year Gill realized that a miracle was needed to make the masses recognize that he was a true prophet. For months he led the church to expect that this proof would be nothing less than the resurrection of someone from the

dead. Last July 3 he announced in the church newspaper that the next issue would describe an event that would "publicly vindicate" him as a prophet. On the very day the paper was to appear, Gill, 49, suddenly died of pancreaticitis after two days in the hospital.

McIntosh admits that Gill had come to her asking whether to see a doctor about his stomach-aches. God told her to say no, and the prophecy proved fatal. But McIntosh now saw God's plan: that Gill would soon become his own "vindication" by rising from the grave.

This promise of resurrection inspired new devotion in the church's sored flock of about 70 auto workers, teachers, small businessmen and housewives. They recruited ten new believers and expanded the church parking lot



GREENE LEADING SERVICE AT FLINT CHURCH  
Death on the day of "vindication."

to handle the overflow crowds they expect when Gill returns. Since last August, especially devout members have been honored by appointment to a corps that keeps a prayer vigil in the church 24 hours a day, seven days a week, to await Gill's resurrection.

Meanwhile, preaching and pastoring are handled by two disciples who work on the General Motors line. At first the leaders expected Gill's resurrection immediately. Disappointed, they found the reason for Gill's tardiness in the church members' failure to achieve "sinless perfection"; the members bow their heads meekly during tirades on this theme at weekly worship. The congregation's faith is summed up by one of the interim preachers, Viet Nam Veteran Rod Greene, 28, who says the idea that Gill "will not return is not a possibility to me. If it takes five or ten years, I will still be here."

## MILESTONES

**Died.** Mary Ure, 42, cerebral, icily sensual British actress; of an apparent heart attack; in London. She first won wide attention as the well-born, ill-used wife of an acid-tongued lout in *Look Back in Anger*, the 1956 marital psychomelodrama by her first husband, Playwright John Osborne. She went on to give other strong performances in films (*Sons and Lovers*) and on stage (*Duel of Angels*, *Old Times*), sometimes co-starring with her second husband, Actor-Playwright Robert Shaw.

**Died.** Ben Hibbs, 73, editor of the old *Saturday Evening Post* from 1942 to 1961; of leukemia; in Penn Valley, Pa. Newsman Hibbs earned a reputation as "the most quoted young squirt in Kansas" by age 27. He took over at *Savepost* in 1942 and managed to revitalize the faltering weekly by sharpening its quaint cover style (while retaining the beloved Norman Rockwell), commissioning more investigative stories, and softening its sometimes automatic conservatism. The *Post* ran into problems again and suspended publication in 1969; it has since reappeared as a monthly.

**Died.** Otto Soglow, 74, Manhattan-born cartoonist best known as the creator of *The Little King*, the mustachioed mini-monarch whose antics have been a comic-page staple in more than 100 newspapers since 1934; of an apparent heart attack; in New York City.

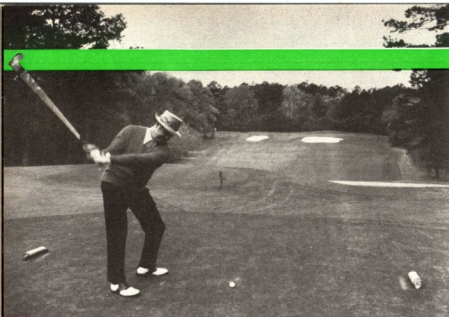
**Died.** Lloyd Stearman, 76, pioneering U.S. aircraft designer; of cancer; in Northridge, Calif. A Navy pilot during World War I, Stearman teamed up with two other air-struck Kansans, Walter Beech and Clyde Cessna, to build a generation of simple biplanes that became the Model Ts of the barnstorming 1920s. Though he founded his own aircraft firm and briefly ran Lockheed Aircraft Corp., his heart belonged to the drawing board; there he conceived such notable planes as the PT-17, the agile, open-cockpit trainer, known to thousands of World War II pilots as "the Yellow Peril," and continued to work on plans for modern swing-wing jets and space re-entry vehicles until his retirement in 1968.

**Died.** Chiang Kai-shek, 87, President of the Republic of China; in Taipei (SEE THE WORLD).

**Died.** Tung Pi-wu, 89, elder statesman of Chinese Communism; in Peking. One of the youthful firebrands who helped Mao Tse-tung organize the Chinese Communist Party in Shanghai in 1921, Tung was a veteran of the 6,000-mile Long March to Shensi province in 1934-35 and a member of the Politburo ever since Mao's final victory in 1949.

\*To some interpreters, the "latter" or springtime rain cited by several Old Testament prophets symbolizes the period prior to the Second Coming.





SNEAD TEES OFF INTO "WIND TUNNEL" AT HOLE 4 OF AUGUSTA NATIONAL

## How the Masters Will Be Won

Can Jack Nicklaus keep up his recent winning pace to collect his fifth Masters title? Can Johnny Miller, who missed the cut at the Heritage Classic, regain the winning touch that earned him three titles earlier this season? How will Lee Elder handle the pressure of being the first black to compete for the winner's green jacket? These are among the tantalizing questions that will draw thousands of fans to Augusta, Ga., this week, and millions more to their television sets to view golf's most notable rite of spring—the Masters tournament.

Most will look for answers on the glamorous closing holes of the difficult 7,020-yd., par-72 course. If so, they will not see how the Masters is likely to be won. The tournament's toughest holes are far out on the course. That is the conclusion of Sam Snead, who has won the Masters three times (1949, '52, '54), and of Bill Inglish, tournament statistician. After studying the 1,292 individual rounds and more than 95,000 shots played at the Masters in the past five years, Inglish found that Augusta's six most difficult tests are not where they are supposed to be. For example, the long par fives, including holes 13 and

15, play under par more frequently than any other holes. And Augusta's two closing holes, both notoriously troublesome par fours, have not ruined as many scores as fans think. On the eve of the 39th Masters, Snead played and analyzed the six most challenging holes for TIME with Senior Correspondent (and twelve-handicapper) John Steele. Here is Snead's personal vade mecum:

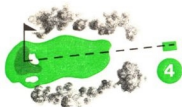
**HOLE 4:** 220 yds., par three (average score: 3.27). This hole often makes you think you're playing in a wind tunnel because of tall trees behind and alongside of the green. The wind is usually against you, but it shifts quickly, and you've

got to watch it like a sparrow hawk. Once when I was paired with Hogan, Ben hit a full drive into a gale and he was short. Moments later when I hit, my drive carried the green and almost landed out of play in the azaleas behind. The wind had died. It takes a 195-yd. hit, often with a one-iron, to carry the front bunker. The green is so big you've got to hit directly to the pin or risk three putts.

**HOLE 5:** 450 yds., par four (average score: 4.32). This dog-leg can be a horrible hole. It's the kind where you like to make your par and go on about your business. On the drive, you've got to skirt the left-hand traps if you're going to get home in two shots. By hugging the left you can cut at least 25 yds. off your second shot, but it's a dangerous business because of trees on the left, and if you have a hook, forget it. Even with a well-placed drive, you've got to burn your second shot—usually a one- or two-iron for me. You have to drop the ball right on top of the plateau on the green or face a 45-ft., nerve-tester approach putt that will break in two directions.

**HOLE 7:** 365 yds., par four (average score: 4.26). This is one hole on which you've got to ease it right down the middle of the fairway. Right or left won't do because branches on the trees there aren't cut back and you've only got about a 25-yd.-wide landing strip to have a clean second shot at the green. Jack Nicklaus uses a one-iron here for accuracy, but I'd rather take a chance with the driver and leave myself a pitch with the wedge rather than a seven- or eight-iron approach. On the green there's only 35 ft. between the front and back traps, so you've got to put some teeth on the ball. Bob Jones once saw Nicklaus wedge his second shot two feet from the cup here and said, "Mr. Nicklaus plays a game with which I am not familiar."

**HOLE 10:** 485 yds., par four (average score: 4.34). This is one of the holes that make Augusta National a long-driver's course. You've got to flirt with the trees on the left, but gently. Too much left and you're in the woods. The ideal tee shot is a low, running draw that goes slightly left of center in order to catch a steep slope tilting toward the green, leaving you a two- or three-iron home. If you fade your drive to the right, you've got an impossible downhill-sidehill shot that is at least two club numbers longer. From the right side you can't hit the green, even with a three-wood, and you

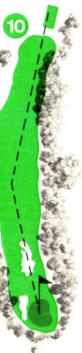


## SPORT

to the left and miss, you're in the pond and have an automatic six.

**HOLE 12:** 155 yds., par three (average score: 3.36). I agree with Arnold Palmer that this is the toughest par three in golf. It hurts more of us in Masters play than any other hole on the course. First you've got to keep reminding yourself that the wind may blow from behind you off the tee, but you can be sure it's against you at the green. If it's a choice between a six- and seven-iron off the tee, always grab for the six-iron so you can clear the creek. The right side of the green is a coffin for me because if the pin is cut to the left it's impossible for me to get down in two putts for par.

If you can make the 10th, 11th and 12th holes in par, you'll pick up a stroke on the rest of the field. I won it all on the



may bury yourself in the big fairway bunker. Because there's usually a pretty good wind sweeping the green, you should cut your second shot a bit to hold the green, and you must hit high or you'll roll off the back edge.

**HOLE 11:** 445 yds., par four (average score: 4.32). Here you really want to crank it up because your drive has to carry the crest of a hill. It's another hole favoring the big hitter, and your tee shot should be dead straight—the hardest kind of golf shot to hit. But it's the second shot that's the real tester here, 185-200 yds. if the pin is placed on the back edge of the green or to the left near the pond. But forget the pin placement and always—I mean always—hit to the right side of the green. If you hit

12th in 1952 on the final round. I hit a six-iron into the water, took my penalty shot, and then skulled the ball into the grass bank in front of the green. It looked like a certain six or worse, but I wedged out stone-dead into the cup and saved my lead.

## THE PROS' SCORECARD

How the pros fared at Augusta National during the last five Masters, toughest hole to easiest:

HOLE	PAR	YDS.	STROKES OVER PAR	AVG. SCORE
12	3	155	465	3.36
10	4	485	436	4.34
11	4	445	413	4.32
5	4	450	407	4.32
4	3	220	353	3.27
7	4	365	337	4.26
18	4	420	336	4.26
14	4	420	224	4.17
1	4	400	187	4.14
9	4	440	184	4.14
17	4	400	172	4.13
16	3	190	125	3.10
6	3	190	106	3.08
3	4	360	55	4.04
			UNDER PAR	
15	5	520	144	4.89
2	5	555	272	4.79
8	5	530	276	4.79
13	5	475	346	4.73
TOTAL	72	7,020	+2,762	74.13

## THE PRESS

### Chronicles of Chaos

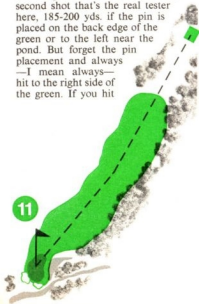
As Communist forces rolled toward Saigon and tightened their noose around Phnom-Penh, foreign journalists in those two capitals were caught up in an increasingly complex and tragic story that became more and more difficult to report.

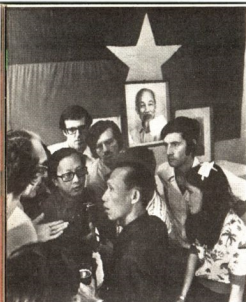
In South Viet Nam, the swift advance of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops made venturing outside Saigon a dangerous proposition. Yet as days went by, the suffering, disintegration and chaos in outlying areas became at least as important a subject for coverage as anything happening in the capital. "It's getting easier to get a candid view from high-ranking military officers now," said New York Times Correspondent Malcolm W. Browne. "But there is a fatalistic belief that nothing they say or do matters any more." Still, added Associated Press Bureau Chief George Esper, "you have to be present in the field to know."

**Rumor Service.** Getting there was becoming ever chancier, as the ARVN collapsed before the Communist onslaught. Some newsmen in Saigon were able to buy their way onto a handful of small planes. Others had to be content with piecing together accounts of the war from eyewitnesses, press briefings (including weekly sessions conducted by the Viet Cong in Saigon under the terms of the Paris accords) and an infinite number of rumors. "Just pick up any hotel phone and ask for rumor service," said one correspondent wryly. Ambassador Graham Martin, never a favorite of the U.S. press corps, has discouraged his aides from talking to journalists. Said a U.S. official: "The ambassador has a bug about the American press."

Martin is not alone. As the military situation darkens, newsmen in Saigon sense a rising hostility from the South Vietnamese. The normally bland army newspaper *Tien Tuyen* (Frontline) last week demanded that the Thieu regime "take strong, hard measures against foreign correspondents" for being "in major part" responsible for Communist gains. As Danang fell, a group of American journalists gave two South Vietnamese marines a lift to the airport. When the marines asked the journalists their nationality, their driver thoughtfully replied that they were English. "That's good," said one of the soldiers. "We're ready to kill any Americans we see."

Anti-American feeling is not yet so obvious in Phnom-Penh, but the 50 or so foreign journalists still there face staggering communications problems and no little personal risk. Telegraph and telephone lines from Phnom-Penh are sadly overburdened, and stories are





**VIET CONG BRIEFING IN SAIGON**  
The problem was how to know.

now normally "pigeoned" out on the return flights of U.S. planes airlifting rice and other supplies to the city. Daily rocket fire from Khmer Rouge troops on the edge of the city has driven newsmen to wear flak jackets and steel helmets whenever they travel to Pochentong Airport, terminus of the U.S. airlift. "The first time I came here in 1972," recalls CBS correspondent Ed Bradley, "you'd go out and cover a bang-bang story, and Phnom-Penh was a nice, relaxing place to get back to." Now, Bradley reports, the suffering evident everywhere in the city has aroused a new sense of commitment. A few days ago, at least a dozen correspondents donated blood at a military hospital, and a number of them have adopted Khmer orphans. Says Bradley: "I don't see how a person can work here and not become personally involved."

In both countries, foreign journalists supposedly hardened to the disasters of war admit that this tragedy has cut deep. "To describe soldiers fleeing in terror and shooting civilians fills me with pain," said the Baltimore *Sun's* Arnold Isaacs. Other newsmen report torn-up consciences when they get out on the last plane from some provincial capital while refugees remain behind to meet an unknown fate. Members of the Saigon and Phnom-Penh press corps are also beginning to worry about another dilemma: How long to hold on and report before it becomes too late to escape?

## Samizdat West

Anatoly Marchenko, a well-known dissident Soviet author, was sentenced in Kaluga last week to four years of banishment, probably to Siberia. The story of that case has not yet appeared in the West, but it will break this week in the latest issue of *A Chronicle of Human Rights in the USSR*, a bimonth-

## THE PRESS

ly magazine published in Manhattan. Since its founding two years ago last month, the little *Chronicle*, which is edited by Valery Chalidze and Pavel Litvinov, a pair of liberal Soviet exiles now living in the U.S., has become one of the most carefully read and respected Russian journals anywhere.

The publication is a cousin to the Moscow *Chronicle of Current Events*, a samizdat (publish it yourself) typewritten journal put out irregularly since April 1968 inside Russia and circulated hand to hand among Soviet dissidents. The New York *Chronicle's* 600 English-language and 300 Russian-language copies reach some of those dissidents as well as Soviet exiles in the West. There are also some impressive above-ground names on the subscription list: the CIA, the KGB, officials in Peking, Britain's Parliament and Western universities and libraries.

**Latest News.** Between its plain blue covers, the New York *Chronicle* packs as many as 128 pages with the latest on arrests, imprisonments and other official Soviet harassment, the texts of government decrees squeezing civil liberties in the U.S.S.R., copies of correspondence between Soviet dissidents and their supporters in the West, as well as manifestos, open letters and appeals for amnesty from persecuted Soviet dissenters.

Considered highly reliable, the *Chronicle* recently printed a list of all the items lifted by the KGB in a search of Physicist Andrei Tverdokhlebov's Moscow apartment (including a copy of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago* and three issues of the *Chronicle*). In addition to news of Marchenko's fate, the *Chronicle* has a chilling, 70-page report written in Solzhenitsynian detail on the conditions endured by Russia's current political prisoners. Says Chalidze: "We don't use something unless we're absolutely sure it is real."

Much of the *Chronicle's* raw information reaches Chalidze's Manhattan apartment in envelopes without return addresses mailed from the U.S.S.R. Fast-breaking news sometimes gets through by long-distance telephone. Last week Litvinov succeeded in reaching Anatoly Marchenko's wife Larissa on the phone after Soviet operators had earlier cut them off in mid-conversation. "Larissa told me that Tolya [short for Anatoly] was brought before the judge in heavy handcuffs," Litvinov reports. "He looked weak and sick, almost fainted twice during the sentencing. He has been on a hunger strike for 35 days, and will continue until he is completely free. His life is in great danger."

Chalidze, 36, who was exiled from Russia in November

1972 for his leadership of a civil liberties group, is editor in chief of the *Chronicle*. Litvinov, 34, grandson of Stalin's longtime Foreign Minister Maxim Litvinov, left Russia under pressure from the authorities in 1974, and assists Chalidze from his home in Purchase, N.Y. (British Historian Peter Reddaway serves as the *Chronicle's* representative in Europe.) The two exiles support themselves as teachers and authors, but the *Chronicle's* funding is more haphazard. Edward Kline, 43, a Midwest department-store magnate, is the prime underwriter; private foundations and paid subscriptions (\$15 a year) help meet the *Chronicle's* annual \$25,000 printing budget. Neither editors nor contributors are paid.

Chalidze and Litvinov do not think of themselves so much as anti-Communists as "legalists." They believe that the Soviet authorities must be admonished for violations of their own constitution, a high-minded document instituted under Stalin, which is honored mostly in the breach. Their position differs sharply from that of the anti-Soviet exile quarterly *Kontinent*, which is edited in Paris by Author-Poet Vladimir Maximov and has been bankrolled by Axel Springer, the fiercely anti-Communist West German publisher.

**More Journalists.** The New York *Chronicle's* editors consider themselves more journalists than ideologues. "We see our job as helping our friends still in the Soviet Union inform world opinion about the situation of civil liberties there," says Pavel Litvinov. "When the Soviet authorities violate the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, or for that matter when they adhere to it, we try to make sure that reliable news is available."



**LITVINOV & CHALIDZE IN MANHATTAN**  
Notes from the underground.



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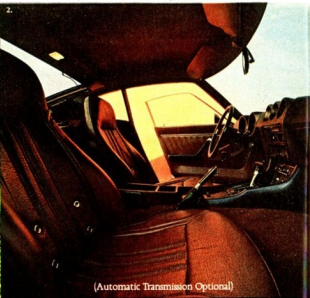
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15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct.'74



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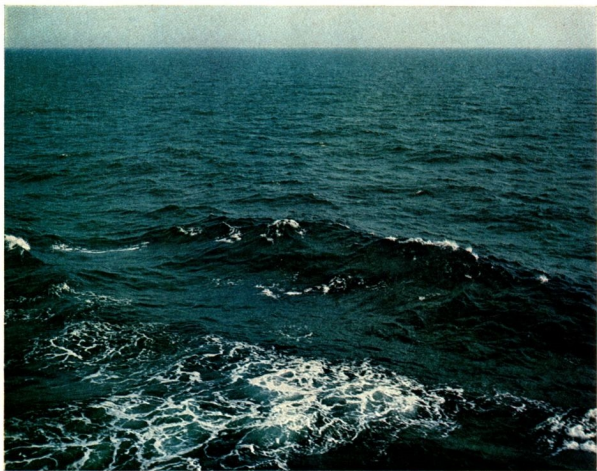


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## THE LAW

### Attica Verdict: Guilty

Despite its bloody, passion-inciting origins, the six-week trial had been surprisingly subdued. Few spectators were on hand; until the end, the press was all but absent. Only last week did Room 303 of the Erie County courthouse in downtown Buffalo begin to fill. Representatives of the Six Nations Indian "family" occupied one row in the spectators' gallery. Sketch artists and television reporters craned for a better view. Defense Attorneys Ramsey Clark and William Kunstler and their young convict clients sat at an L-shaped table scarcely five feet from Chief Prosecutor Louis Aidala. Sheriffs' deputies and bailiffs stood poised to quell any disturbance. Outside, as many as 400 pickets marched in chilling rain and snow round the gray granite edifice.

**Slow Judgment.** The trial of John Hill (part Mohawk Indian) and Charley Joe Pernasilice (part Catawba) for murder and attempted murder was about to end, concluding a chapter of the American tragedy called Attica. But the end was slow in coming. It took three days of lengthy deliberations before Jury Forewoman Rosa Moore, one of two blacks on the panel, finally announced the verdict on Saturday night. Hill was found guilty of murder. Pernasilice was found guilty of second degree attempted assault. The men's lawyers promised to appeal.

Hill and Pernasilice had been accused of murdering Prison Guard William Quinn, who died of injuries suffered in a beating that occurred during the

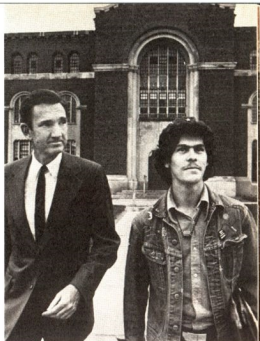
worst prison uprising in the nation's history. At the time, Hill was in Attica for attempted assault, and Pernasilice was serving a sentence for possession of a stolen motorcycle. Quinn was one of 43 men (eleven guards and 32 convicts) who died as a result of the four-day riot in September 1971—most of them shot by state police when they stormed the maximum-security prison in upstate New York behind a fusillade of bullets.

By the time the trial of Hill and Pernasilice opened, Attica had become remote, if not forgotten. Few thought about this first major Attica trial, the other trials to follow and the added indictments that might yet be brought. Said Kunstler, whose defense of Indian Activist Russell Means last year and the Chicago Seven in 1970 drew greater attention: "The case is too old. Attica is a painful subject, and most people want to stay away." Yet Showman Kunstler could not resist the temptation to flay witnesses and have a go at State Supreme Court Justice Gilbert H. King, who presided firmly. "I'm fed up with your telling me I have no conscience," said King, rejecting one ill-timed Kunstler motion for dismissal. "I have as much conscience, I think, as you have."

**Fatal Beating.** Clark, wearing his trademark narrow tie, appeared to have the easier defense. His client, Pernasilice, was accused of joining in the fatal beating of Quinn, yet only one man claimed to have witnessed Pernasilice in the act. Former Inmate Edward Zimmer said he saw Pernasilice strike Quinn over the shoulders with a stick; doctors who examined Quinn found no injuries in that area. In the closing days of the trial, the judge dismissed the murder charge against Pernasilice, but let stand a second for attempted murder. This did not satisfy Clark. The former U.S. Attorney General declared in his summation: "There is no believable evidence to find Charley Joe Pernasilice guilty of any offense other than being an inmate of Attica on September 9, 1971."

Kunstler seemed to have a harder task defending Hill. Dali-mustachioed Prosecutor Aidala produced five witnesses who supposedly saw Hill striking Quinn with a wooden object. Kunstler replied that four of the five had been offered leniency if they testified against Hill. Not so, claimed Aidala. "The evidence," he said, "is that there were no promises made to the witnesses."

The verdict leaves the sorrowful saga of Attica far from finished. Not one guard faces trial. Of the 62 inmates indicted, 38 still face prosecution, including Hill for another offense. Charges against 13 more have been dropped, six pleaded guilty to lesser charges, and one inmate was acquitted. For three of those originally charged, there will be no day in court. They have since died.



CLARK & PERNASILICE AT ATTICA

### Crime Boom

The call for law-and-order has literally become a battle cry in America. In 1972 citizens took heart that some headway was being made in the battle against criminals: the figures for serious crime showed a drop of 4% that year. By 1973, however, the percentages were climbing again, and they are still going up. Last week the Federal Bureau of Investigation released its statistics for 1974: crime in seven major categories\* jumped 17% above the 1973 figures—the highest annual rise since 1960.

The biggest increase was not in urban areas. In towns with populations of 100,000 or more, the increase in the number of reported crimes was 13%, four points below the national average; in the nation's six largest cities, the increase was 10%. The big jump came beyond city limits. The suburbs (reported crime up 20%) and rural areas (21%) seemed to be catching up to big cities. Actually, they are still behind, since they started from a much lower base. Everywhere, the trend indicated more crimes against property: larceny-theft was up 20%, burglary 17%.

The statistics tell only part of the story. The Justice Department calculates that about one-third of all violent crimes go unreported, an estimate that some legal experts think is far too low. Attorney General Edward H. Levi pessimistically terms the increase "predictable" and calls for greater attention to the deterrence of criminal acts. As a first step, Levi called for a new federal gun-control law that would ban possession of hand guns on the streets of high crime cities.

\*Murder, rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny-theft and auto theft.

DEFENDANT HILL HUGGING KUNSTLER





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## A Secondhand Life

### THE PASSENGER

Directed by MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI  
Screenplay by MARK PEPLÖE, PETER WOLLEN  
and MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI

Like much of Antonioni's work, *The Passenger* uses eerie and voluptuous imagery to define a condition of spiritual paralysis. His is a chill world, ordered and mysterious, where hope hardly abides.

Here, as in *L'Avventura* and *La Notte*, Antonioni's unsettled protagonist becomes increasingly the victim of a

the vastness of the desert. In all this emptiness, Antonioni can make him seem hopelessly imprisoned.

It is only in the sudden death of a casual acquaintance that Locke sees a chance to escape. Robertson had told Locke he was simply "on business" in this unlikely location. There is a physical resemblance between the two men, and when Locke discovers Robertson dead of a heart attack, he stares at him like a man at his own funeral. Then, after a time, he puts on Robertson's blue shirt and changes the photographs on both their passports. He leaves Africa with a new life.

Besides the passport, Locke has Robertson's engagement book and his plane ticket with a Munich airport locker number scrawled on its face. He begins to follow Robertson's future with no knowledge of his past. He keeps the appointment in Munich and discovers that Robertson was an arms trafficker, running guns to the rebels that Locke had tried to interview. As Robertson, Locke becomes active, a participant in history rather than a recorder of it. But he remains irresolute in his new identity. The masquerade of rebirth is only a stalling action. And as the film's last scene reveals, he makes himself a willing accomplice in Robertson's own destiny.

*The Passenger* has the anxious ambience and level melancholy of Graham Greene's fiction, but unlike Greene, Antonioni lets the narrative unravel. This is not necessarily a flaw. *L'Avventura* seemed initially to be about the search for a woman lost on an island. Then Antonioni—deliberately and to much controversy—abandoned

this theme in favor of another, deeper one, a portrait of a whole inert society. In *The Passenger*, he lets go of the thriller elements midway and starts to concentrate on the growing relationship between Locke and a young tourist (Maria Schneider). But the change of focus does not deepen the picture as it did in *L'Avventura*. Instead, it diverts it while saying nothing new about Locke.

No one looks to an Antonioni movie for fine and varied performances. He tends to depersonalize actors, although Nicholson manages a certain level of

bleak intensity, and Maria Schneider is winning, despite an unrealized role. What Antonioni gives is a distinctive and disorienting way of seeing. *The Passenger* has some of the boldest and most supple imagery that Antonioni has achieved in years—more memorable than anything in *Blow-Up* or the unfortunate *Zabriskie Point*. Images are charged with mystery: Locke greets a camel rider all hidden in robes and wearing dark glasses. The man moves by him, staring but not answering. He seems to signal death in his every aspect.

*The Passenger* ends with a scene that seems destined for cinematic history. Like other famous closing scenes—the frozen frame at the end of Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*, for instance, or the camera moving down the long line of waiting men in Max Ophüls' *Lola Montez*—this one is made with a flourish of virtuosity. The sequence is accomplished in a single stunning shot, which goes from Locke's hotel room slowly out into a town square and back again to the window of the hotel. The elements shift and change, but the moving camera gives them continuity. Without a single cut, the scene lasts seven minutes and brings together all the elements in Locke's world. It would be unfair to tell exactly what happens, but watching Antonioni make it happen is a rare sensual pleasure. *The Passenger* is not a great film, but its very ambition is a reminder of how smug and easy most movies are, and how little they dare. ■ Jay Cock

## Rosebud

### ROSEBUD

Directed by OTTO PREMINGER  
Screenplay by ERIK LEE PREMINGER

Just before young Margaret goes aboard to begin a Mediterranean cruise, her mother comments that *Rosebud* is an odd name for a yacht. Yes, the girl replies, it has something to do with some film. It has something to do with *Citizen Kane*, of course. After Margaret's announcement of such cultural obviousness, it is difficult to work up too much alarm when she and her four equally dim-witted friends are kidnapped by Arab terrorists who start trading their lives, one by one, for compliance with ever-increasing demands.

The captive chicks are no more spiritually attractive than they are mentally alert. Nor are their hardships exactly heart-rending. It is true that their cellar prison lacks fresh air, sunlight, comfy mattresses and a flush toilet and that the food is just not up to international cruise standards. Still, one cannot help thinking that a little down-and-out living may be good for them.

Be that as it may, they obviously



SCHNEIDER & NICHOLSON IN *THE PASSENGER*  
A bleak intensity in a chill world.

malaise that has no clear source. A television journalist named Locke (Jack Nicholson) is on assignment in a remote corner of the North African desert, trying to run to ground a story on some guerrilla fighters. The barren, blasted landscapes, the unknown language and ways of the few people Locke meets, are all transformed by Antonioni into coded messages of fate.

Locke, in any case, is lost. He does not find the guerrillas, and frustrations are so pressing that they bring him to his knees beside his stalled Land Rover, crying "All right, I don't care," into

# What's your P.I.Q.?

If you don't know what P.I.Q. means, you'd better talk to somebody who does. Because it has absolutely nothing to do with intelligence.

It is a legal term that means "property in question". But it's not often heard outside of real estate law. The business of law is pretty complex, requiring a complex language. Sometimes even the simplest terms become complicated.

That's why it makes so much sense to enlist a lawyer's assistance rather than doing-it-yourself. Your homemade will or contract could wither in a court of law. Your attorney can make sure that doesn't happen.

## An ounce of prevention.

If you already have a legal dilemma, you've missed the best time to consult an attorney. A lawyer's advice beforehand can usually keep legal matters from becoming legal problems.

Your lawyer should be someone whose judgement and ability you trust. Someone with whom you can talk freely. By keeping

him up-to-date on your situation, he can anticipate legal difficulties and keep your affairs in order.

In the long run, you'll save yourself time, money and possibly embarrassment.

## And the pound of cure

Some people hesitate seeing a lawyer, because they're afraid it will be too expensive. But waiting until legal problems blossom can be a lot more expensive.

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# CINEMA

bored Director Preminger long before they could bore an audience, and he expends most of his footage on the multinational attempt to rescue the girls. This effort consists largely of showing their parents worrying, actors entering and leaving buildings, and vehicles moving in various colorful locales. Such activities are neither menacing nor novel and never develop into sustained or amusing action.

Every once in a while, Peter O'Toole acts flaky as the CIA man in charge of the case, but more often he merely looks undernourished and hung-over.



O'TOOLE IN *ROSEBUD*  
Captive chicks.

Cliff Gorman, as an Israeli intelligence officer, is what he is: a good comic actor in desperate need of a gag. Richard Attenborough, as the cracked mastermind of the plot, gamely gives more of himself than his small role calls for or can sustain. John V. Lindsay plays a U.S. Senator, the father of one of the kidnapped girls, pretty much as he played being mayor of New York City—like a B-picture leading man. At that, he is not the worst thing about this flaccid, fatuous film, though with such wealth to choose from, it is hard to say who or what deserves the nod.

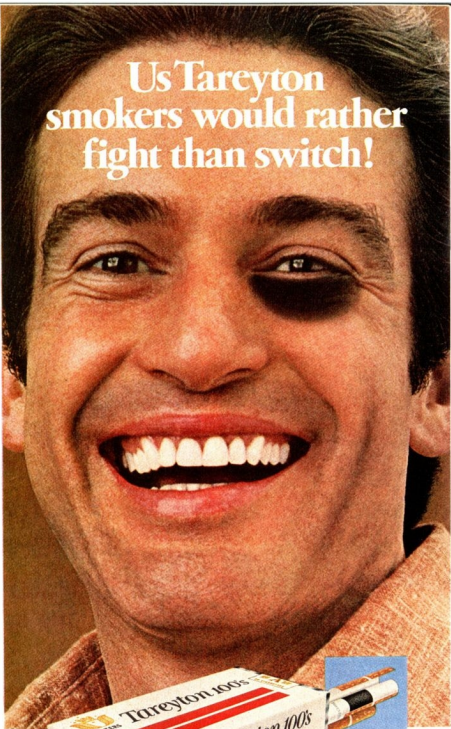
■ Richard Schickel

## Second Childhood

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT  
Directed by KEVIN CONNOR  
Screenplay by JAMES CAWTHORN  
and MICHAEL MOORCOCK

At least one wow, a couple of gee whizzes, several neats and a little derisive laughter for *The Land That Time Forgot*, the best Saturday matinee movie in much too long. It is an elaborate fantasy adventure with no bearing in reality whatsoever. The movie boasts a

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# CINEMA

blond American hero with a jaw like a hammock (Doug McClure), a blonde British heroine (Susan Penhaligon) and a whole bunch of soldiers, most of whom are nice guys. This happy crew gets mixed up with U-boats, torpedoings, fistfights, a mutiny, icebergs, lost civilizations, dinosaurs, pterodactyls, swamps, jungle, quicksand, strange-looking creatures who are in the process of evolving into Man As We Now Know Him, a mysterious river, a note in a bottle, and no love stuff. Instant second childhood is guaranteed in less than 90 minutes.

The movie is based on a novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs, who really knew how to heap on the plot. Burroughs may not have been much of a stylist, but any writer who can bring submarines and Brontosaurus together deserves respect. Just for the record, Bowen Tyler (Mc-



**MEN & BEAST IN LAND**  
No love stuff.

Clure) and Lisa Clayton (Penhaligon) are passengers on a ship that is torpedoed by Captain von Schoenvorts (John McEnery). Along with a few surviving British officers, Tyler takes over the German submarine (don't ask how; luck has something to do with it), which gets lost somewhere around South America. Water and supplies are necessary—this is 1916, and subs are not capable of staying under for months. Bowen, searching for this sustenance, pilots the ship through a hole in an iceberg. No one can believe what is on the other side. This is exactly the point, of course. Movies like *The Land That Time Forgot* are made in proud defiance of rationality, but require both technical facility and a little wit. Director Kevin Connor and his collaborators have all these qualities, and apply them with high spirits. Apparently they never quite grew up, either.

■ Joy Cocks



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# THE WORLD

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## THE RECESSION

# A Costly and Worsening Global Slide

Even as the U.S. waits expectantly for an upturn in its slumping economy, recession in much of the rest of the non-Communist world is deepening. Though some nations are hoping for the beginning of the end of hard times later this year, no abrupt reversal of the worldwide drop in production and rise in unemployment seems likely, largely because the slide is so widespread. The situation underscores the perils raised by the growing interdependence of key industrial countries. In an era when heavy world trade, the operations of multinational companies, and massive flows of money across international borders have tied the industrial lands into something resembling one giant economy, both booms and busts increasingly tend to spread quickly round the world.

Just three years ago all the leading industrial nations were in a boom; living costs soared everywhere. Then oil producers quintupled prices, causing huge trade deficits for most consuming countries and sending global inflation flaring to double-digit levels. To curb runaway prices, one government after another cut spending and tightened up credit. Now these measures seem at long last to be slowing the pace of price increases in most countries, but at a heavy cost in lost output, joblessness and social unrest.

**Darkening Outlook.** The recession, of course, varies in intensity from one country to another. The U.S. has suffered a longer and deeper slump than any of its trading partners, but last week President Ford proclaimed that "the recession is receding" and confidently predicted a recovery starting in the third quarter of 1975. He could cite some good news: manufacturers' orders rose for the first time in six months, and the wholesale price index in February dropped 0.6%, its fourth straight monthly decline. Unemployment, however, which is a lagging indicator, rose to 8.7% in March from 8.2% in February, bringing the number of Americans out of work to 8 million. In addition, the Labor Department disclosed, 1.1 million discouraged jobless workers have simply stopped looking and are not counted as unemployed.

For the industrial world as a whole, though, the slump is getting worse and the outlook for appreciable recovery this year is darkening. Seven months ago, the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, which embraces all the leading industrial nations, was predicting that its members would post a small average in-

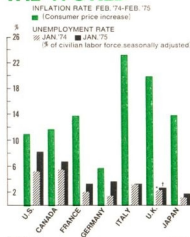
crease in real gross national product during 1975. A few months ago it scaled down its projection to zero growth; now it is estimating a decline of 1.5%. To avert an even worse slide, some nations that have made headway in combating rapid price rises are, like the U.S., moving gingerly to restimulate their economies. The situation in some of the most important nations:

**BRITAIN**, widely considered "the sick man of Europe," is in woeful condition. Inflation is running at a rate of 20%, fueled mainly by the massive wage settlements demanded by Britain's militant trade unions, which averaged 26% in 1974 and could go to 30% this year. Caught between ballooning inflation and government price controls, industry is being forced to slow production. The jobless rate, now 3.2%—high for Britain—is likely to go on climbing for the rest of the year. Moreover, the nation's cur-

left 800,000 members of France's volatile work force without jobs, and unions are increasing their pressure on the government to ease its restrictive policies. President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has ruled out any move toward general deflation and has instead begun a modest program of stimulation on an industry-by-industry basis.

**ITALY** only six months ago was in spectacular trouble. Because of the rapid run-up in world petroleum prices, the cost of imports was exceeding exports

## HARD TIMES AROUND THE WORLD



TIME Chart  
The Chartmakers Inc.

Source: OECD

JAN. 74  
JAN. 75

rent account last year was in a deep \$9.2 billion deficit.

**FRANCE** is waging an inconclusive battle against inflation. The best hope the government can offer is that price rises this year will be held to about 10%, down from 15% last year. Moreover, as the nation feels the full force of worldwide recession, official predictions of economic growth have been repeatedly scaled down and now stand at 3% or less. Sputtering production has already

### COLLECTING JOBLESS BENEFITS IN JAPAN



### RENAULT WORKERS DEMONSTRATING



## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

by \$5.5 billion annually, inflation was running at 24.5%, and only emergency loans from the International Monetary Fund and the German government saved the nation from outright bankruptcy. Today demand is slackening and Italian inflation is fast diminishing: wholesale prices in February rose a mere 0.2%, v. 6.8% in the same month last year. But the price of whipping inflation has been high. Industrial production in January was down 15% from the year before—the biggest monthly drop in decades—and the government reports that more than 1.2 million Italians are out of jobs. Last week, in a wary reversal, the government moved to a policy of gradual stimulation.

**GERMANY**, through a policy of stingy government spending and tight credit, cut its annual inflation rate from 7.8% in December 1973 to 5.8% in February. But again, the effort has been costly. Industrial production is now declining at an annual rate of about 10%, and, according to the OECD, unemployment hit 3.6% in January, more than double that

of a year earlier (the Bonn government, calculating on a different basis, puts the jobless rate in February at 5.1%). Last December the government embarked on a moderately reflationary course, offering tax credits for industrial investment, lower interest rates and various subsidies to create more jobs. But consumer demand remains flat, and few nongovernment experts look for a broad-based recovery this year.

**JAPAN**, too, has been exceedingly effective in quelling its raging inflation, which was largely fueled by the sudden hike in world oil prices. Owing to stern fiscal and monetary measures, the rise in living costs, which in fiscal 1973 were leaping upward at an annual rate of 25%, has been more than halved. But the fight against inflation pushed Japan into its deepest postwar recession. Production has plunged 20% since the start of the oil crisis 18 months ago. In a country where lifetime employment has long been the accepted rule, the jobless rate has inched up to 2%. Now the government is moving hesitantly to reflate,

10%, is expected to subside only gradually. Reason: hefty wage settlements being won by unions.

For individual nations, finding a way out of the present mess is particularly difficult precisely because of the recession's global scope. In the past, many European nations and Japan could stimulate their flagging economies by boosting exports. But because all the major economies are in decline at the same time, there is a marked dearth of buyers. Thus the rest of the industrial world can only fervently wish success for the moderately stimulative policies of Germany, Japan—and especially the U.S., by far the richest market of all.

### MONEY

#### Bonds in Disarray

An arcane and specialized corner of Wall Street, the bond market is usually a place where corporations can count on raising enormous sums of money—\$12 billion in just the first three months of this year—with little fuss. But recently the market has been anything but placid. Prices have been dropping so fast, interest rates rising so rapidly and bonds going unsold in such numbers that some veteran traders say that the market is "in disarray."

Barely a month ago, interest rates on high-quality industrial bonds averaged 8.45%; two weeks ago they were at 9.1% and now they are between 9% and 10%. Because of such market instability, major corporations have postponed at least seven big issues in the past two weeks. The latest: \$300 million in Texaco bonds, withdrawn from the market last Wednesday. Market analysts had expected companies to raise \$5.5 billion by selling new bond issues in April; now they think that the total may be as low as \$3.2 billion. Underwriters, who buy newly issued bonds from companies and resell them to the public, have had to unload some at profitless prices. Complains J. Perry Rudick, senior vice president of Manhattan's Smith Barney & Co.: "All of a sudden, every time you bought, you were wrong."

Partly, the troubles were a result of simple market congestion brought on by a mistiming of bond sales by corporate treasurers. Many had scheduled spring issues to raise money that their companies would not really need until later, in hopes of getting their cash before the Government began heavy competitive borrowings to finance the superdeficits expected this fiscal year and next. But the Government, which had been steadily revising its borrowing estimates, last week announced that it would invade the capital markets for \$17.5 billion—far

STRIKING ELECTRICAL WORKERS PROTESTING DISMISSALS AND LIVING COSTS IN ROME



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though the official goal is only a 4.3% boost in real G.N.P. for the year—downright meager by Japanese standards.

**CANADA** has so far weathered the economic storms better than most of the industrialized world because, as a major producer and exporter of oil, it benefited from the rapid rise in world prices. Yet now consumer demand is flagging, a rash of strikes is cutting into production and a slowdown in world trade has widened the country's balance of payments deficit from \$425 million in 1973 to \$1.8 billion today; some experts believe that it will hit \$5 billion by year's end. Though the government still predicts a 4% gain in Canada's output of goods and services for the year, some economists believe that zero growth is more likely. The jobless rate, at present 6.8%, is expected to climb to between 8% and 10%. Inflation, which has just edged down to 9.6% after two years of ranging above

## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

more than had been expected—between now and June 30.

An even more important reason for the market break is investor worry over the possible consequences if the federal budget deficit for fiscal 1976 does soar above \$70 billion or so—a concern given far more substance by President Ford's signing of the tax cut and Treasury Secretary William Simon's lugubrious talk. Many investors fear an overstimulation of the economy that would re-ignite inflation, kite up interest rates and set off a damaging competition for funds between the Government and private borrowers. In that case, they believe, there might not be enough money to meet both federal and corporate demands and to fuel economic recovery. Beseated by such doubts, many investors decided not to buy bonds for a while, just as corporations were lining up to sell them.

**Passing Storm.** It is possible, though, that the current difficulties will prove to be only a passing storm. If recovery from the recession proceeds gradually, with little renewed inflationary pressure, and the deficit is held within manageable limits, bond interest rates should rise slowly to levels only slightly higher than now and new issues should be readily marketable. In any case, the recent tempest does not yet seriously threaten industry's ability to raise the funds it needs for expansion, modernization and paying off of short-term debt.

Some corporations that are now putting off bond issues can do without the money for a while; those that cannot have other ways in which to raise it. Banks have ample funds to make short-term loans. Corporations are borrowing many millions of dollars through private placements—direct sales of bonds to life insurance companies and other institutional investors. But the bond-market break is a disquieting sample of what can happen if inflation does re-ignite and the budget deficit gets out of hand.

## ENERGY

# Considering the Alternatives

The Arab oil embargo awakened the U.S. to what energy experts had been saying for years: sooner or later the U.S. will run out of oil and need other forms of energy to heat homes, make electricity and run cars. Now, as a result of crisis and quintupled oil prices, federal funding for energy research and development is surging. The money is going toward getting energy from the sun, from hot rocks and steam reservoirs deep beneath the earth's surface, from the wind, from coal, even from the millions of tons of garbage discarded daily.

This fiscal year the Government is spending \$1.4 billion on energy R. and D., nearly three times the amount authorized in fiscal '72 before the Arab embargo. Another \$1.5 billion is proposed for fiscal '76, which begins in July. The nucleus of the effort is the Energy Research and Development Administration, a gangling bureaucracy set up only in January to pull together federal energy R. and D. programs.

ERDA is still pulling itself together; even physically, it has offices all over the Washington area. But ERDA's mission is clear: to find out which alternatives to oil are feasible and which are not. An interim report on its progress in various fields:

**SOLAR:** ERDA's fiscal '76 request: \$70.3 million, increased to \$143.7 million by the House Energy Subcommittee, up 274% from fiscal '75.

Most of the technology is at hand for using the inexhaustible energy of the sun. The challenge now is to come up with cheap and reliable systems. Under the Solar Heating and Cooling Demonstration Act of 1974, 1,000 demonstration homes and office buildings are planned. ERDA and the state of Connect-

icut will build 20 solar-powered homes for the aged; estimates are that heating and hot-water bills will be cut by 80%. Under National Science Foundation grants, about 20 homes have been built around the U.S. that use the sun for partial heating. Four schools—in Boston, Minneapolis, Timonium, Md., and Warrenton, Va.—have been built with supplemental solar heating systems; a fifth, in Atlanta, will be the first test of a total "retrofitted" solar heating and cooling system—that is, one replacing conventional systems. In Colorado Springs, officials have been so impressed by solar experiments that they are considering requiring solar systems in new-home designs.

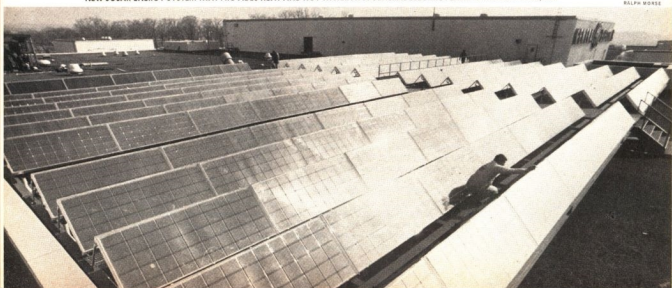
Large-scale commercial installations are a long way off because they would require vast "farms" of expensive solar collectors. But solar energy, once explored only by smaller companies, now is attracting such big firms as PPG Industries, Lockheed, Westinghouse and Revere Copper & Brass. This week General Electric will show off its solar-heated Valley Forge, Pa., plant to the public; the system uses 5,000 sq. ft. of roof-borne solar collectors and is expected to save 12,000 gal. of fuel oil in an average heating season.

**Prognosis:** Accelerated solar heating and cooling programs could save the equivalent of 1 million bbl. of oil daily by 1985, about 5.5 million bbl. by 2000.

**GEOTHERMAL:** ERDA's fiscal '76 request: \$22.8 million, increased to \$55.8 million by the House Energy Subcommittee, up 106% from fiscal '75.

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## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

north of San Francisco is fed to a generating system and already supplies the equivalent of half the city's power. Far more commonplace wet-steam deposits have not yet become commercially productive in the U.S. They must be "flushed," or dried, before being used to spin generators.

In New Mexico, the Government's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory is pressing ahead on "hot rock" technology. This involves drilling down to hot rock, pumping in water and drawing out the resulting steam through a second hole. There are technical problems, chief among them the necessity for deep (16,400 ft.) drilling. But the lure is that electricity from some geothermal sources can be produced for less than 10 mills per kilowatt hour—easily competitive with oil, coal or nuclear plants.

**Prognosis:** By 1985 geothermal sources could be producing up to 30,000 megawatts of electricity; by 2000, output could reach 200,000 megawatts.

**NUCLEAR FISSION:** ERDA's fiscal '76 request: \$700 million, up 2% from fiscal '75.

A mature technology with adult problems, nuclear power has taken some hard knocks during the past few years. All sorts of delays have developed: labor problems, materials shortages, environmental wrangles, safety worries. More recently, capital shortages have produced construction stretch-outs, even plant cancellations. As of now, there are 53 active nuclear plants, v. six a decade ago; construction permits have been granted for 63 more plants. Clearly in trouble, though, is the liquid-metal, fast-breeder reactor, which has swallowed the major share of federal energy R. and D. dollars in recent years. Opposition has grown to the breeder and the plutonium it turns out; no accepted way has been found to dispose of the excess radioactive waste.

**Prognosis:** Despite the problems, nuclear fission could account for about 15% of U.S. energy production in 1985 and 30% by 2000, v. 2% now. By 1985, ERDA officials project, about 250 nuclear plants will be operating. The 200 new plants planned between now and then will be the equivalent of oil-fired generating plants that consume about 5 million bbl. of oil daily.

**NUCLEAR FUSION:** ERDA's fiscal '76 request: \$129.7 million, up 58% from fiscal '75.

Controlled energy from nuclear fusion—joining atomic nuclei instead of splitting them as in fission—still remains what it has been for a generation: a possibility. But in a number of laboratories and one private company—KMS Industries of Ann Arbor, Mich.—scientists are moving closer to doing what they know can be done: fusing the nuclei of deuterium and tritium to create a powerful burst of energy. At KMS and the Government's Los Alamos lab, lasers are



LAKESIDE VIEW OF NUCLEAR POWER PLANT NEAR SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

Developing a number of options to choose from when the oil runs out.

being used to "implode" deuterium pellets. Energy has been produced, but not enough to be measured accurately or drive the laser. Within three to five years, scientists hope to reach that break-even point. Power from fusion could become a commercial reality on a small scale by the middle to late 1990s.

**Prognosis:** Fusion will have no real impact on the U.S. energy scene until after the year 2000. But in combination with solar technology, it holds the greatest promise for the next 100 years.

**COAL:** ERDA's fiscal '76 request: \$323 million, down .3% from fiscal '75.

The U.S. has enough coal to last 400 years. Much of it, though, is of the high-sulfur variety and cannot be burned without violating federal and state environmental regulations. In a pilot plant soon to be built in California with financial help from the Environmental Protection Agency, TRW will test a process for removing sulfur from coal smoke with ferric sulfate and naphtha. If proved efficient, the process could quadruple use of high-sulfur Eastern coal.

But a big chunk of coal's future lies in turning it into something else, specifically gas or liquid fuel. ERDA's fiscal '76 request for R. and D. in this field: \$206 million. Currently, gasification is drawing the most interest, with three pilot plants already in operation. Two giant plants, costing \$800 million each, are being planned for New Mexico by El Paso Co. and Wesco Financial, but the projects raise important legal and jurisdictional questions that are now being argued before the Federal Power Commission.

The economics of fuels from coal remain hazy. One estimate is that high-quality synthetic gas will cost \$3 to \$4 per 1,000 cu. ft. by 1980, compared with roughly \$1½ now for "new" natural gas shipped interstate. But William Gouse, head of ERDA's synthetic-fuels program, cautions: "We're guessing."

**Prognosis:** Coal as coal will continue to be an important part of the U.S. energy scene for years. Coal as a source of gas will, by 1985, account for .5 tril-

lion cu. ft. of production, about 2.2% of total U.S. output. By 2000, production could go as high as 6.5 trillion cu. ft.

In addition to these major areas, the Government is pressing ahead on several other research fronts. Oil from shale in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah could supply U.S. needs well into the next century. But processing costs could reach \$16 per bbl., well above the current world price of \$11. Still, a promising recovery technique is underground processing: fires are set beneath the surface, sweating the oil from the shale so that it can be pumped out. ERDA wants \$7.7 million for research into this technique in fiscal '76, up 108% from this year.

At the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Lewis Research Center near Cleveland, a 5-kw. commercial windmill with two 62.5-ft. blades (built by Lockheed) is nearing completion. The biggest wind turbine in 30 years, it will be part of an experimental 100-kw. system—one of three planned for several U.S. climatic areas to feed into local power grids. ERDA is on the verge of starting at least 30 research projects, from measuring wind movement in various U.S. regions to seeing how wind can be used to dry crops. In all, ERDA would like to spend \$11.5 million on wind projects next year. Under accelerated development programs, wind energy could save 800,000 bbl. of oil daily by 1985, almost 8 million bbl. by 2000.

ERDA is also moving ahead on projects in bioconversion (turning urban garbage and sewerage into gas or fuel alcohol), in photovoltaics (converting sunlight directly into electricity) and in ocean thermal conversion (using differences in the temperature of sea water to generate power). The objective, says ERDA's Gouse, is to examine many alternatives on at least a pilot-plant basis to get a firmer fix on how much each would cost. Says Gouse: "We'll have to develop a number of options so that when the country has to make a choice, there will be a number of choices." There will be no time for experimenting when the oil runs out.

## AIRLINES

## Daly's Refugee Airlift

Taxiing at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport one night last week, a World Airways cargo jet was ordered over the radio to hold its position on the runway. "There are V.C. on the airfield," the tower warned. Suddenly, the runway lights were turned off, the field was closed—and the U.S.-bound DC-8, with 58 Vietnamese orphans and World President Edward Daly aboard, fired up its engines and took off in darkness. Said Pilot Kenneth Healy later: "It seemed like the time to go." On the five-hour flight to a refueling stopover at Japan's Yokota Air Force Base, Daly, wearing a green beret, directed Stewardess Jan Wollet diaper the orphans.

**Strange Week.** While the refugee flight continued on to Oakland, Calif., and a warm reception from Bay Area civic and military officials, Daly slipped away to a Tokyo hotel for a needed night's rest. "I've managed to get 14 hours of sleep in the past 14 days," he said, "and I'm beat." Operating at full throttle in South Viet Nam, Daly had argued unsuccessfully with U.S. aid and embassy officials for authority to fly hundreds of additional orphans out of Viet Nam and wired Secretary of State Kissinger demanding permission to send a 747 mercy flight into beleaguered Danang. He also traded punches with mutinous South Vietnamese troops trying to fight their way onto a 727 refugee flight as it escaped from Danang only hours before the North Vietnamese captured the city. That flight took off despite embassy protests. According to Daly, "people who should have been doing something about it sat on their asses and refused to move."

It was a strange week for an airline president—but then the swashbuckling 52-year-old Daly is anything but the conventional airline executive. A combative, hard-drinking broth of an Irishman and an Archie Bunker look-alike, he seems to thrive on high drama and wrangles with Government bureaucrats. In the nearly two decades since his piston-engine DC-4s airlifted Hungarian refugees to the U.S. in 1956, Daly—who started with two war-surplus C-46Fs in 1950—has built World into the largest of the nation's supplemental airlines. Originally, he prospered largely by battling for and winning Military Airlift Command (MAC) contracts; lately, he has successfully expanded his civilian tourist business. Last year World's fleet of 14 jets, including three 747s, flew charters (85% commercial, 15% mili-

tary) to more than 30 countries.

World's revenues have been rising in recent years, but high fuel and operating costs have held down profits. Last week the line reported a record 1974 gross of \$112.2 million and an operating profit of \$5.3 million; it also earned a handsome \$15.9 million on the sale of a Los Angeles bank that it had owned for a while as an investment. The operating profit marked a considerable improvement over 1973, when World lost \$1.25 million on airline operations, but was still well short of the record \$14.5 million earned in 1967.

Now World is seeking a bigger slice of the U.S. commercial-air-travel market—and trying to start a fare war with the nation's big trunk airlines to win it. While Daly was off packing a .38 in Sai-



WORLD AIRWAYS PRESIDENT DALY AT OAKLAND, CALIF.  
A combative man who thrives on drama.

gon last week, the line petitioned the Civil Aeronautics Board for authority to operate regularly scheduled coast-to-coast flights. Its proposed one-way fare between New York or Washington and Los Angeles or San Francisco: \$89 plus tax, or about 25% less than the lowest transcontinental fares on United, American and TWA. Predictably, other airlines announced plans to fight the \$89 fare, but said that they would match it if Daly wins approval.

World officials insist that the timing of the fare petition was a coincidence rather than an attempt to cash in on the headlines Daly was making in Asia. In any case, battling the State Department over Vietnamese rescue flights hardly seems a politically savvy move for an airline trying to win Government approval for an expansion of its U.S. operations. But Daly brushes aside any idea that his unauthorized

Danang flight and his criticism of U.S. refugee policy could endanger either World's fare application or his chances of obtaining additional military contracts. "I don't think MAC can dispense with us," he says. "Anyway, the airlift was my own personal decision, and I'm paying for it out of my own—not the corporate—pocket." His estimate of the total cost of his refugee flights: about \$1 million.

## AVIATION

## Sweet Sixteen

When four European NATO countries formed a consortium last year to buy 350 new lightweight fighter planes, a stiff competition ensued for what was quickly dubbed the "arms contract of the century." Last week the Defense Ministers of Belgium, Denmark, The Netherlands and Norway announced jointly that the best and least expensive contender for the prize was the \$6 million American-built F-16, designed and manufactured by General Dynamics Corp., the largest defense contractor in the U.S. Final approval by the four governments, expected by mid-May, will mean about \$2.1 billion in sales for the St. Louis-based company.

The choice had seemed likely since January, when the U.S. Air Force ordered 650 F-16s for its own fleet. The fighter handles better than its chief competitors, the Swedish Viggen, built by Saab-Scania, and the Mirage F1-M53, built by the French firm Dassault-Breguet. The F-16 also appealed to the consortium because of the savings that would result from standardizing planes of U.S. and NATO forces.

**Split Decision.** The deal may still be partially upset by European domestic politics. Norway and Denmark have already chosen the F-16, but the consortium may yet be split by Mirage-maker Marcel Dassault's offer of a discount to Belgium and The Netherlands if both countries buy the French fighter. Earlier versions of the Mirage make up at least half of Belgium's fighter fleet. The Belgian Socialist Party supports the French plane because a Dassault plant in that country employs more than 80 workers. The Dutch will make no official decision until after the congress of the Dutch Socialist Party convenes this week.

General Dynamics Chairman David Lewis is confident that all four governments will approve the F-16. "We are delighted by this move toward NATO commonality," Lewis said, "particularly since it involves our plane." Even if the consortium does split, General Dynamics will probably remain the arms dealer of the century: sales to U.S. allies in the Middle East, Asia and Latin America could bring total orders for the F-16 to more than 3,000—worth in excess of \$15 billion.

# The advantage of Vantage. It's in menthol, too.

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It's no secret that today a lot of smokers are looking for a cigarette with less 'tar', less nicotine, and lots of flavor.

Well, more and more smokers are finding exactly what they've been looking for. In Vantage. The first cigarette that successfully provides low 'tar' and nicotine yet holds on to the flavor that other low 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes sacrifice.

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If you're a menthol smoker who hasn't tried a pack, you ought to know that Vantage Menthol is everything you've ever wanted from a menthol cigarette. But with a lot less 'tar' and nicotine.

Vantage Menthol.  
Take advantage of it.



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11 mg.  
tar  
0.7 mg.  
nicotine

MENTHOL  
11 mg.  
tar  
0.8 mg.  
nicotine

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar",  
0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.



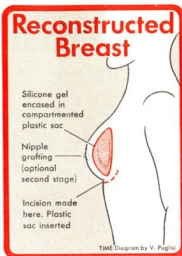
# Rebuilding the Breast

After the removal of her left breast because of cancer in 1970, Mrs. Joan Dawson, 54, of New York City, spent the next three years battling depression and a sense of loss. Then she decided to do something about it. Most women in the same situation turn to a psychiatrist. Mrs. Dawson (not her real name) went to her doctor and asked him to rebuild her missing breast. "I didn't want to be made into a sensational beauty," she explained. "I just wanted to be restored." Her surgeon was able to do just that. In two separate operations, he implanted a silicone-filled sac under the skin where the breast had been removed, then reduced the size of the other breast to make it more nearly resemble the new one. The result is not a duplication of Mrs. Dawson's pre-1970 figure, but she is delighted nevertheless. Says she: "I can finally look at myself in the mirror without wincing."

Since 1969 several hundred American women have undergone plastic surgery similar to Mrs. Dawson's—with increasingly satisfactory results. At a recent meeting at Rutgers Medical School, plastic surgeons predicted that the number of breast reconstructions would continue to rise. Self-examination and mass screening programs are detecting an increasing number of early breast cancers\* before they spread; that makes it possible to perform less disfiguring operations than the standard radical mastectomy, in which not only the breast but the lymph nodes under the armpit and the muscles of the chest are removed. As a result, doctors predict that many of the 89,000 women who will undergo breast surgery this year will be able to take advantage of reconstructive surgery.

**Surgical Revolution.** Doctors have been experimenting since the 1950s with techniques to rebuild amputated breasts with grafts of fatty tissues and implants. Their initial efforts were often unsuccessful. The earlier implants, which consisted of chemically inert plastics, were of a firmer consistency than normal breast tissue and were aesthetic failures; the reconstructed breast was often no more than a hard mound that was usually noticeably smaller than the remaining breast. The plastic, in fact, often shrank and became lumpy after implantation.

But since 1969 there has been a dramatic improvement in the quality of breast reconstruction. One reason was the development by Dr. Thomas Cronin of Houston of an improved implant. Another is the introduction of a newer, though relatively little-used implant that



overcomes most of the problems of earlier prostheses. It is divided into three compartments that reduce its tendency to shrink or collapse; the implant also has a fuzzy polyurethane covering that helps hold it in place against the chest wall. "It makes a dramatic difference," says Dr. Randolph Guthrie of New York's Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases.

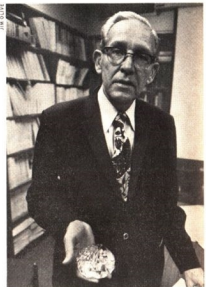
So does another development, the perfection by Dr. Jon Olaf Strömbeck of Stockholm of reduction mammoplasty, a technique for reducing the size of the breast. This can be used in reconstructive surgery to restore a measure of symmetry to the bust.

A third has been the growing acceptance of reconstruction by surgeons themselves. In the past, many doctors dismissed such surgery as frivolous (some major insurance companies still refuse to pay for such "vanity" operations). But now an increasing number of surgeons perform the initial amputation with reconstruction in mind, leaving as much skin as possible. When they can, they often attempt to save the nipple. Some doctors, however, oppose the idea, fearing the nipple may harbor cancer cells. Most agree, however, on the importance of at least making women who are facing surgery for breast cancer aware that reconstruction may be possible. "We don't spend enough time with them," says Dr. Henry Leis, chief of the breast service at New York Medical College. "We have to tell them the truth and give them hope for afterward."

**Good Results.** When plans have been made in advance, reconstruction can be relatively simple. According to Dr. Reuven Snyderman of Princeton and Dr. Robert Goldwyn of Boston, a woman who has had a simple mastectomy (removal of the breast, but no



**BREAST AFTER RECONSTRUCTION**



**DR. THOMAS CRONIN WITH IMPLANT**  
Safe substitute for the original.

other tissue) can usually be given a new breast in a single surgical session; all a doctor need do is slip in an implant. Women who have had more radical surgery require more complex procedures and must undergo several operations. Creation of a nipple by "sharing" the one from the intact breast, or the preferred method of building a new aureola (the rosette of tissue surrounding the nipple) out of skin removed from the labia, requires an additional operation or two.

Although reconstructive surgery seems safe, not even its most enthusiastic advocates recommend it for all breast-cancer patients. Only an estimated 20% of all women find it difficult to adjust to the deformity produced by mastectomy; a few even regard their scars as a "badge of courage." Doctors will not attempt reconstruction on women who have undergone excessive doses of radiotherapy after their initial operations: the X rays may scar too much tissue to permit successful re-

\*When detected and treated by surgery in its earliest stage, breast cancer is nearly 100% curable, according to the American Cancer Society.

construction. They also wait at least six months after a mastectomy before attempting reconstruction: it takes that long for complete healing. But plastic surgeons see no reason to wait longer; cancer specialists say reconstruction need not interfere with the diagnosis of a recurrence—or its treatment.

## New Look at Aspirin

Of all the pharmaceuticals in the medicine chest, none is more widely used than aspirin. In the U.S. alone, some \$103 million worth of aspirin tablets are consumed each year by people seeking relief from colds, headaches and arthritis. Despite the fact that doctors have been recommending the use of aspirin for more than 75 years, they still know little about how it works or why it is so effective. Now, as a result of continuing research, doctors are questioning one traditional use and looking into a possible new application of the world's first wonder drug.

The use of aspirin to fight the fever, scratchy throat, headache and general malaise of the common cold is being reappraised as a result of a study conducted at Chicago's University of Illinois Medical Center. Doctors at the school dosed 45 healthy young volunteers with nose drops containing common cold viruses, then treated 25 of the patients with aspirin while the other 20 were given a placebo.

**Sharing Infection.** Taking regular samplings after the volunteers developed colds, the researchers found that the nasal drippings of aspirin users more often contained virus than those of the non-users. The aspirin users were thus more likely to spread their viruses and the colds they can cause. Reason: though the aspirin did not cure the colds, it relieved the symptoms sufficiently to allow the victims to go about their daily routines.

Two other studies, involving some 2,000 British and American heart attack victims, revealed that aspirin users have a lower recurrence of coronaries than non-users. These findings fit in with earlier observations showing that aspirin inhibits the aggregation of platelets—blood components involved in clotting; for this reason, doctors have recommended against its use by women about to deliver babies or others facing major surgery. Large doses of aspirin can cause serious bleeding in the stomach—especially in ulcer victims—and can also damage the kidneys.

The new studies seem to show that aspirin's ant clotting properties may prove helpful against heart attacks and strokes. Physicians are not yet ready to recommend a daily dose of aspirin as a cure-all for coronary patients, but the federally sponsored National Coronary Drug Project has started a large-scale study of this possible new use for an old drug.



**FOLKS WHO TOUR** Jack Daniel Distillery say there's no other tour quite like it.

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## Erich the Wunderkind

"I am and I always will be an opera composer." When Erich Wolfgang Korngold said that in 1942, the folks in Hollywood nodded sympathetically and went on enjoying his film music. After all, Korngold was a celebrated composer of movie scores who had won Academy Awards for *Anthony Adverse* (1936) and *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938).

Actually, by the time the Viennabred Korngold landed in Hollywood in 1934, he had behind him an astounding career as a musical *Wunderkind* in Europe. When he was a teen-ager, his works were performed by Pianist Artur Schnabel and Conductor Bruno Walter. In 1921, when Korngold was 24, his third opera, *Die Tote Stadt* (The Dead City), was staged at New York's Metropolitan Opera. In the leading role of Marietta was Soprano Maria Jeriza, making her Met debut. The American public took to Jeriza but not to Korngold, and after a few years it forgot him as a serious composer.

Last week *Die Tote Stadt* was finally revived by the New York City Opera, with Jeriza, now a remarkably robust and handsome 87, sitting in the fourth row center. Even in the 1920s, *Die Tote Stadt* was an anachronism. Korngold was to Richard Strauss what Engelbert Humperdinck (*Hänsel und Gretel*) was to Wagner—a brilliant but minor follower. The style of *Die Tote Stadt* is a lush, clamorous, occasionally schmaltzy orchestral sonoroma that lies somewhere between *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Elektra*, with special added effects from Puccini, Debussy, Mahler and Rimsky-Korsakov. The best of its vocal moments, like the taunting Marietta's *Lied*, sound like pure Franz Lehár, the

master of popular Viennese operetta.

Korngold took his plot from a popular romance by a minor Belgian writer named Georges Rodenbach. Korngold knew an unusual story when he saw it. The hero, Paul (Tenor John Alexander), lives sorrowfully in Bruges, with the memory of his dead wife Marie, her portrait and a long switch of her hair. Into his life comes Marietta, a saucy dancer who resembles Marie. In a long dream sequence, Paul woos Marietta. But when she teases him about the dead woman's hold on him, he strangles her with Marie's hair. He awakens cleansed of his obsession, free to leave the "dead city" of Bruges.

**Sexily Luscious.** Director Frank Corsaro has staged *Die Tote Stadt* as a brilliant, psychologically adroit multimedia show. Movie and slide projectors play on the front scrim. Four slide projectors illuminate a scrim in the rear. Corsaro and Cinematographer Ronald Chase spread a series of images that are at times dazzling in their three-dimensional effect—grotesque faces, Gothic walls and towers, eerie grottoes, flowers, woodlands. The production opens, for example, on the exterior of Paul's house. Then, through the masonry, the portrait of Marie begins to shine. The lights come up behind the scrim in Paul's living room, with the portrait now found hanging on the wall. It is a striking screen effect that Korngold the movie composer might have enjoyed.

Is *Die Tote Stadt* worth the effort? Yes, if for no other reasons than to inspire the finest film and slide work ever done for an opera production in New York, and to observe Soprano Carol Neblett as Marietta. With a full, sexily luscious dramatic soprano and a figure to match, Neblett is fast becoming the Rita Hayworth of American

opera singers. As for the music, the sad thing is that though Korngold was a master of the various orchestral styles prevalent around 1920, and often used them with ingenuity and some originality, he never grew beyond that point. And one cannot be sure that Hollywood is to blame.

■ William Bender

## A Modern Jazz Quartet

**George Benson: Bad Benson** (CTI; \$5.98). George Benson is in every way a superior guitarist to Beatie George Harrison, for example, or to Led Zepplin's Jimmy Page. Benson's uncluttered swinging blues set guitar-playing standards that quickly made his name known to every serious jazz buff. But after 20 years in an industry whose inflated lexicon calls every rock performer a star, Benson is still little recognized by the public. His style is romantic but ascetic—free of unnecessary electric trickery. Although he favors the slow tempo of Paul Desmond's *Take Five*, he can erupt in a blistering display of technique and energy like *My Latin Brother*. This record is bad in the traditional jazz sense: that means it is very good indeed.

**Stanley Clarke** (Nemperor; \$6.98). Clarke, 23, can play anything from a soft-shoe acoustic bass to taut Spanish classic strings to a wailing electric bass. His background includes classical bass studies and ensemble playing with Stan Getz, Art Blakey and Horace Silver. Imaginative stick work by Drummer Tony Williams provides an effective foil for Clarke over much of his first LP.

**Billy Cobham: Total Eclipse** (Atlantic; \$6.98). An alumnus of Miles Davis and John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra, Cobham evolved from a progressive rhythm-and-blues drummer to a deft jazz writer-arranger. His music, often danceable, reflects Caribbean and Latin American rhythmic and tonal influences. *Solarization*, a 10½-minute elaboration of a five-note motif, is sometimes ruminative, but at other times radiates sizzling sensuality.

**Thad Jones and Mel Lewis: Potpourri** (Philadelphia International Records; \$6.98). Eighteen jazz all-stars make up one of the last of the big bands. Many jazz connoisseurs also consider it the best. In nine years of one-night stands since its founding by Trumpeter Jones and Drummer Lewis, J. & L. has perfected a loose, flexible sound. The title refers to the multiracial, three-generation profile of the personnel—Trombonist Cliff Heather is 70, Trumpeter Jon Faddis is 21—as well as to the program. The best tracks are Thad Jones' bitter-sweet ballad *Yours and Mine* and the group's dramatic perambulation through Stevie Wonder's *Living for the City*.

■ Joan Downs

NEBLETT & ALEXANDER IN DREAM SEQUENCE OF *DIE TOTE STADT* AT CITY OPERA

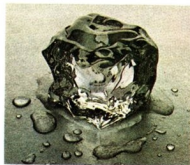


TIME, APRIL 14, 1975

# Ice-Proof Scotch

*What is the ideal proof for a Scotch whisky? That depends on the way the whisky is consumed and the palate of the individual. Scotch drinkers are finding that Famous Grouse, the only 90-Proof Scotch, is the ideal proof and blend for consuming "on the rocks." It's America's first Ice-Proof Scotch.*

by Allen Mac Kenzie

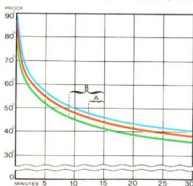


Perhaps the most elusive quality of any Scotch whisky is the ability to retain freshness as it dilutes with ice. While no Scotch can be totally "ice-proof," it can be demonstrated that a 90-Proof Scotch will sustain its freshness substantially longer than Scotches bottled at 80, 86, or 86.8 Proof.

Our motive in presenting this demonstration is quite simple: our brand of Scotch Whisky, *Famous Grouse*, is the only Scotch now available in this country at 90 Proof. If you are an "on-the-rocks" Scotch drinker, we presume you are a seeker of long-lasting freshness and will take the time to consider our argument.

## A Comparison of Proofs

To demonstrate the merits of a slightly higher proof, we performed a simple experiment: 50 millilitres of Scotch (about



**DILUTION BY ICE OF SCOTCH AT THREE DIFFERENT PROOFS (72°F).**  
 80 Proof 86.8 Proof 90 Proof

1.7 ounces) was chilled with 100 cc of ice. The ensuing dilutions at 80, 86.8 and 90 Proof are charted in the graph at left.

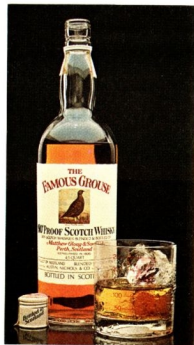
You'll notice that after 15 minutes on the rocks, the proof of *Famous Grouse* is diluted to a level which occurs after 12½ minutes when the Scotch is 86.8 Proof, and after 9 minutes when it is 80 Proof. In essence, the *Famous Grouse* brand has remained about 2½ minutes fresher than 86.8-Proof Scotch (Interval A on graph), 6 minutes fresher than 80-Proof Scotch (Interval B). If you "nurse" a drink beyond 15 minutes, the advantages of 90-Proof Scotch are even more pronounced.

## In Praise of Character

Proof, of course, is not the only influence on the flavor of a blended Scotch. The proportion of malt to grain whiskies, origins of the malts, aging methods—these are also important factors determining the relative richness of Scotch flavor.

The makers of *Famous Grouse*—Matthew Glog & Son of Perth, Scotland—have been producing Scotch in the same family for six generations. And they have performed their most noble feat in the rich blend they created for *Famous Grouse* Scotch. Its flavor—so remarkable at the outset—holds firmly to its character during prolonged contact with ice.

Graphs and calculations can carry you only so far in the search for a perfect Scotch



on the rocks. The ultimate experiment requires that you pour a portion of *Famous Grouse* over ice and submit the decision to your palate. In the words of the great bard, Robert Burns:

*"From scenes like these,  
 Old Scotland's grandeur springs."*



**SPECIAL OFFER:** Conduct your own *Famous Grouse* experiments. For a set of four 11-ounce "on-the-rocks" glasses (calibrated in millilitres and bearing the *Famous Grouse* trademark), send \$4.00 to: *Famous Grouse Offer*, Box 929—N-12, Wall Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10005. To comment on this advertisement or suggest future experiments, write to Mr. Allen Mac Kenzie at the same address.

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# Paintings by Monet

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO  
MARCH 15—MAY 11



Claude Monet, *Women in the Garden*, 1866-67, oil on canvas, Musée du Louvre, Paris

Visit The Art Institute of Chicago to see this special loan exhibition of over 100 paintings by the French Impressionist master, Claude Monet (1840-1926). The exhibit was organized by the Institute for an exclusive showing. Loans are from public and private collections in the United States and Europe.



Courtesy Chicago Historical Society

## At \$508 a year, the annual company outing was free

You're looking at a group of Chicagoans on their way to the company picnic. Or perhaps the races at Washington Park. Sitting rather stiffly in a tallyho drawn by four horses, and decked out in their turn-of-the-century finery, they present a somewhat formal picture. But this was their big day—the annual company outing. And neither the muggy weather nor the cumbersome clothes were going to spoil their fun.

Around the turn of the century, when Fairfield Savings was born, the average worker put in a 58.7-hour week and earned all of \$508 a year. But if wages were low, so were the prices. Ready? For a mere 15 cents you could have a steak dinner, including coffee and pie. Milk shakes went for 5 cents, and for 3 cents you could get a glass of birch beer, sarsaparilla or champagne cider—ice cold. Daily

newspapers and a ride on a trolley car were a penny apiece. Even with relatively low wages, these were prices one could live with.

Three-quarters of a century later, we tend to look upon those bygone days with fond affection. But today, even with a sick economy upon us, we have many more blessings than our forefathers could count. Social Security, Medicare, unemployment compensation, a long and comfortable life—these are just some of the things people in the above photo could only dream about.

So never mind the good old days. Do the best you can today. And when it comes to savings or home ownership, let Fairfield give you a hand. We've been at it for 74 years now, and we have yet to meet anyone who was sorry for having taken up our offer.



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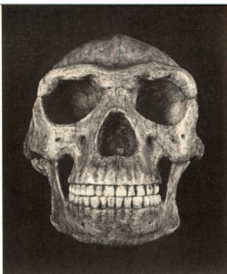
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SKULL OF PEKING MAN  
NOVELIST GEORGE HIGGINS



HARRIET WAUGH

## NOTABLE

### A CITY ON A HILL

by GEORGE V. HIGGINS  
256 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

Cavanaugh's wife leaves him at the end of this political novel. She says she will be spending her time in Los Angeles at her public relations job. "All that'll console me," says Cavanaugh, who has a granitic and totally unsupported optimism, "is that you'll be able to keep your tan." The lady replies: "The pool at the apartment is too close to the road." That is a George Higgins touch. No minor mercies admitted.

*A City on a Hill* is a departure for Higgins. It is not a thriller, and the characters are middle-class people. Cavanaugh works for a Boston Congressman named Sam Barry who fought U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. But now it is the '70s: Barry does not realize that he has outlived his issue. What he does know is that "76 looks like 'Jackson and Ford, which I do not want.'" He sends Cavanaugh off on an exhausting political swing trying to gain support for an idealistic Democratic Senator. No one gives a damn.

Higgins is not a good political novelist, at least in the traditional sense. Nothing much actually happens. But perhaps the author wants to say that politics is a lot of state talk. Watergate flows in the book like so much flotsam. "Liddy had 50 Minoltas," remarks one character idly. Cavanaugh is amused by the fact that Vatican money financed the Watergate apartment building: "Maybe I should pay closer attention to what Monsignor Lally writes in the *Pilot*."

Lines like that—Lally edited and wrote for the Boston diocesan paper for

45 years—are rare, and the fan of earlier books like *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* wishes there were more. Missing too is the sheer busyness of Higgins' gangster population, those lowlife figures that are highly polished miniatures. Half the new book is paragraph after paragraph spliced by "Cavanaugh said." But the substratum that marks all Higgins' work is intact: a dark, unpanicked vision of people being shuffled around, losing out—and talking about it.

### PEKING MAN

by HARRY L. SHAPIRO  
190 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.95.

### THE SEARCH FOR PEKING MAN

by CHRISTOPHER G. JANUS with  
WILLIAM BRASLER  
256 pages. Macmillan. \$8.95.

With the possible exception of Martin Bormann, none of World War II's missing persons has been sought as assiduously as Peking Man, whose bones, unearthed from a quarry outside the Chinese capital in 1926, disappeared when the Japanese invaded the capital 15 years later. The two leading hunters have now written books. Christopher Janus, a Chicago businessman and amateur anthropologist, has spent a small fortune on the search. Professor Harry Shapiro, chairman emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History's department of anthropology, has been pursuing the missing bones ever since the war. In that time he has followed up scores of tips from strange people who are rarely willing to give their names. A typical phone-caller told Shapiro that the Peking Man is now held by an overseas Chinese businessman, but the informant refused to say more "because

his tong would come and kill me."

The mystery began in 1941. With Japanese forces sweeping into China, Peking Man was crated and sent to a U.S. Marine base near Chingwangtao for shipment to safekeeping in the U.S. Before the Marines were able to leave, the Japanese arrived. In the confusion, the bones were lost. Or were they stolen? Over the years only one informant, a woman who said she was the widow of one of the Marines, claimed to have the bones in her possession. In 1972 she agreed to meet Janus and Shapiro on the observation deck of the Empire State Building, produced a photograph of what looked like the bones and offered to sell them for \$500,000. But she fled, when a tourist seemed to be taking her picture. Since then, no one has been able to locate her.

Wherever he is, Peking Man is an anthropological treasure. Study of his 500,000-year-old remains using new methods might resolve a current controversy about evolution. Until Peking Man was discovered, most researchers assumed that the human family tree first took root in Africa. The existence of such a highly evolved individual in China suggests that there is more than one tree.

### MIRROR MIRROR

by HARRIET WAUGH  
250 pages. Little, Brown. \$7.95.

This very British novel is about a man whose face is his misfortune, by a woman whose name may be hers. Its protagonist, Godfrey Pettlement, is so hideous that children whimper and adults recoil in shock when they see him. Even horror-film producers find him too ugly to cast. "One doesn't think of you



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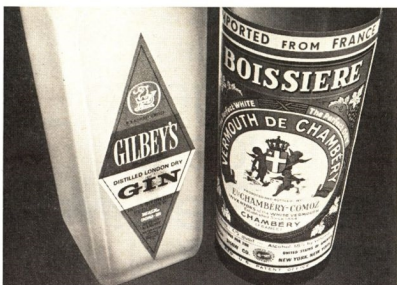
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#### BOOKS

having a normal figure," somebody tells Pettlement. "It would be more in keeping if you somehow splashed along the ground or were drawn by suction power."

Poor Godfrey struggles through years of rejection before a rich young man accepts him, much as a lepidopterist might collect a grotesque rare moth. When the young man dies, he leaves Godfrey enough money to go to Britain's best plastic surgeon. What emerges is a face of such beauty that it suggests a saintly soul. Far from it. With beauty comes vindictiveness. Godfrey is bent on revenge for being spurned so long. He becomes a famous preacher who cries out to vast audiences: "Christ died for man to atone for sin. Can we do less for him?" In response, 332 people crucify themselves, and Godfrey himself is brought up short by a novice who plays Judith to his Holofernes.

So catholic a taste in carryings-on suggests the author's father, Evelyn Waugh. Inevitably Daughter Harriet, a sometime editor and technician in the London planetarium who has now written a first novel at 31, suffers in comparison, not only with Father but with precocious Brother Auberon, 35, who turned out *The Foxglove Saga* 15 years ago. Evelyn satirized his peers and times by following sane characters through a giddy world. Harriet uses the much less engaging converse: crazy people, sane society. The father's unremittingly inhospitable view of humanity lent his books bite and pace. The daughter, so far at least, clearly shares his disdain for British foible, but cannot sustain it; when she lapses into tolerance, the novel drags. Even so, *Mirror* reflects a provocative and steely talent.

#### THE MONEYCHANGERS

by ARTHUR HAILEY  
472 pages. Doubleday, \$10.

The latest novel off the Arthur Hailey assembly line tells the story of the First Mercantile American Bank. It is one of the 20 largest in the country, with its parent-branch office tower gleaming over a composite city in the Midwest. (A dirty river flows past the First Mercantile, and there are plenty of slums.) Following the death of wise and kindly F.M.A. President Ben Rosselli, two vice presidents personifying fiscal vice and fiscal virtue struggle for control.

Virtue believes in "the ancient verity of thrift" and wants to use the bank as a community resource. Vice (who comes equipped with a frigid wife and an effete son) cares only for profit. It is he who pushes a dangerously large loan to a multinational corporation at the expense of municipal bonds and local construction projects. Meanwhile, as background, Hailey provides a bank theft, a counterfeit-credit ring, extramarital affairs, race problems and a Robert Vescoesque corporate swindle.

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## BOOKS

the past 18 months, three major U.S. banks have collapsed. The "watch list" kept by the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency on banks in need of special surveillance has later reached an alltime high of 150. The general reader, too, judging by the success of Martin Mayer's recent exposé of banking (TIME, Jan. 20) is beginning to wonder if going systematically into debt is as prudent as it was once thought to be.

On balance, readers of *The Money-changers* will come off encouraged. Fiscal virtue triumphs in the end and has the final words on finance as well. "Banks and the money system," he observes, "are like delicate machinery... let one component get seriously out of hand because of greed or politics or plain stupidity, and you imperil all the others." Hailey apparently does not feel the same way about fiction. The insider's details that give his novel its texture simply bury its feeble literary qualities.



COURT MUSICIAN WITH BELLS

### LIFE IN A MEDIEVAL CASTLE

by JOSEPH AND FRANCES GIES  
272 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$7.95.

Castles are crumbly and romantic. They still hint at an age more colorful and gallant than our own, but are often debunked by boring people who like to run on about drafts and grumble that the latrines did not work. Joseph and Frances Gies offer a book that helps set the record straight—and keeps the romance too.

The authors rightly approach the castle as the center of medieval life. Their story ranges well beyond the castle gate, but it centers on Chepstow, a well-preserved fortress on the Welsh border not far from Bristol. The 12th century lord of Chepstow, William Marshal, turns up with a companion knight on the tournament circuit in France. Touring the country like early-day golf pros, they clean up handsomely, ac-

cumulating scores and scores of horses and piles of armor in more than 100 contests.

In peaceable times, a medieval life had more civilized compensations than smug modern man imagines. Until the great castle halls fell into disuse, master and servant ate congenially in common. At table (regularly spread with fresh linen), two people often shared a bowl, helping themselves with fingers. But a strict etiquette governed the sharing, and hands and nails were expected to be scrupulously clean. Plumbing in the larger castles, the authors say, was better than that of 17th century Versailles: every floor had a washing area—some with running water, even baths. Latrines were often conveniently perched out over the castle moat.

The authors allow medieval man and woman to speak for themselves through selections from past journals, songs, even account books. With Gallic condescension, Peter of Blois, for example, wrote home about the wine served by King Henry II of England. It was, sneered Peter, "thick, greasy, stale, fat and smacking of pitch."

### THE PROMISE OF JOY

by ALLEN DRURY  
445 pages. Doubleday. \$10.

Allen Drury promises this will be the last of his *Advise and Consent* novels. That is a mercy. The author's comic-book view of humanity and reflex cold-war xenophobia, as well as the clothespins he calls characters and hangs out on his reactionary line, have long ceased to be amusing targets. Drury, in fact, somewhat resembles those Japanese soldiers who refused to surrender in 1945 and spent 30 years with scorpions and coconuts.

History and politics are at least debatable. The Drury prose usually debails all discourse. It should be noted, however, that *The Promise of Joy* has nothing to do with cooking or sex. It is about a crisis during the first weeks of the presidency of Orrin Knox, whom Drury readers will remember as the Secretary of State in *Advise and Consent*, and a vice-presidential nominee in *Capable of Honor*. In this book Knox succeeds to the presidency after the assassination of Edward M. Jason, and he is called upon to decide nothing less than the fate of Western civilization. After a good deal of messy preliminaries, China and Russia go to war against each other. Atomic weapons devastate both countries, but the massive Chinese army advances despite horrendous losses. Drury describes the Chinese variously as "yellow hordes," "pagan hordes" and "mongrel hordes." Besides Knox, other holdover Drury characters taking a last bow include Secretary of State Robert Lessingwell, Commie-Symp Fred Van Ackerman, Columnist Walter Dobius and TV Commentator Frankly Unconscious.

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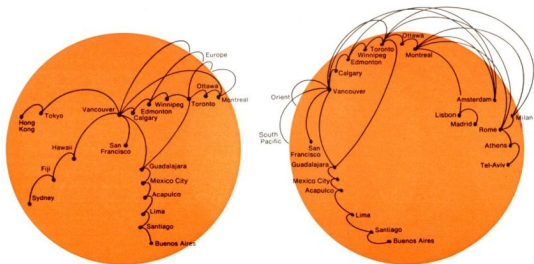
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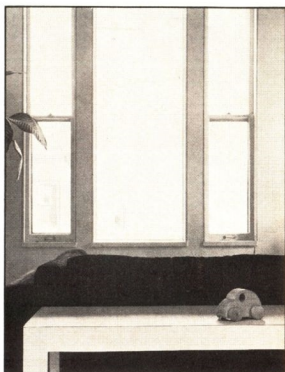
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"It's the way I always take a picture with my fish," insisted Actor **Paul Newman**, 50, after hanging upside down from a hook in Islamorada, Fla. Newman, on a weekend vacation with Daughter **Nell**, 15, had landed a 273-lb. hammerhead shark from the Gulf Stream waters off Florida's southern coast. Back on the dock, he decided to try a variation of the traditional angler's photograph with his trophy. Then, his hang-ups resolved, Newman announced that he planned to mount the shark's head "and send it to my dentist."

"My accent is at least as good as Henry Kissinger's," boasts Champagne Music Maker **Lawrence Welk**, and his sense of harmony may even be better. Still, the king of schmaltz announced last week that he would not run for President in 1976. Welk disqualified himself after 5,000 followers, led by an ardent Santa Barbara, Calif., fan, had written to suggest his candidacy. "Politics, like music and golf, is best learned at an early age," said Welk. "Having reached the age of 72, I'm afraid it is a little late to change horses in the middle of a stream beset with such treacherous currents." No thank you, boys.

"I come from a background where work is an honorable thing, and it finally got to me," explained combusive Singer **Bette Midler** after her 15-month absence from the stage. Midler abruptly stopped short her career in December 1973 and set out for a visit with her family in Honolulu, a tour of Paris art museums, and a respite in the Caribbean. "I learned a lot," says Bette of her sabbatical, "about dancing, speaking, singing and juggling." All of which Midler has incorporated into her new revue, *Clams on the Half Shell*, which opened last week in Philadelphia. During her break, the prodigal star added, she also found time to do some reading, including **Erica Jong's** raunchy bestseller, *Fear of Flying*. "I'm not afraid of flying," observes Midler coolly, "and I wouldn't mind a Chinese husband."

"Clark Kent and Lois Lane will be in bed together unless the director decrees otherwise," promises *Godfather* Author **Mario Puzo**, who last week began his newest project, a movie script of *Superman*. Puzo, whose scripts for *Godfather I* and *Earthquake* are expected to gross \$225 million for their Hollywood studios, says *Superman* will bring him a heroic paycheck well into six figures. And how will the leotarded champion of truth, justice and the American way find his own way into the boudoir? "It is a crucial question, but I have figured it out," says Puzo mysteriously. "I can't get campy; if I could, the possibilities are limitless."



PAUL NEWMAN HANGS AROUND

As managing editor of *Vanity Fair* and later an *Esquire* contributor, **Helen Lawrenson** never suffered a shortage of bluntness. Now 67, and living in London, the author of *Latinos Are Lousy Lovers* has gathered her most candid reminiscences in a memoir called *Stranger at the Party* (Random House; \$8.95). The book, to be published this month, details many erotic encounters, including a taxicab entanglement with Publisher **Condé Nast** ("I've never known a man who savored sex more raptly") and a table-top coupling with the late, revered **Rabbi Stephen Wise**. Lawrenson offers the last word on almost everyone. She dismisses Aviator **Charles Lindbergh** as "boyish, bland and boring." Novelist **John O'Hara** as a "second-rate imitation of **Scott Fitzgerald**." Not even her longtime lover, the venerable financier and presidential adviser **Bernard Baruch**, who was 37 years her senior, escapes unscathed. Observes Lawrenson: "Sexually, he was surprisingly naive."

The party in a Paris nightclub called L'Aventure celebrated "Women and Flowers," but **Princess Caroline** of Monaco seemed to be reveling in her own royal nobility. Wearing the same satin crepe dress in which she posed, somewhat more demurely, for her 18th-birthday portrait two months ago, the Princess revealed a bit more of Caroline than caution. "My favorite designer is **Karl Lagerfeld**," she said of the creator of her deep décolletage, adding emphatically, "and I do my own shopping." For Caroline, now a student in Paris, adventure was short-lived. Her parents, **Prince Rainier** and **Princess Grace**, arrived shortly afterward to bundle their daughter up and off for a ten-day Easter vacation.



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